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JANUARY 1984 Vol. 6 No. 1



TRAVEL

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A supplement to Atlantic Insight January 1984

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TRAVEL

France may not be the *only* civilized nation on earth (as the French tend to believe), but it is at least the most consistently civilized one. Which means that, wherever you travel in this elegant, sophisticated country, you get a lesson in the art of fine living. And now, thanks to the bargain-basement exchange rate of the franc, travel in France is cheap — finally.

By Robert Stewart

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COVER STORY

It looks like such a gracious, gentle sport. But Penny LaRocque and Colleen Jones know better. These champion Canadian women curlers — both Atlantic Canadians — know you have to be in top mental and physical shape to excel at the game. One runs and lifts weights; the other combines aerobics with meditation. Beyond that, Jones says, “you’ve got to have the killer instinct.”

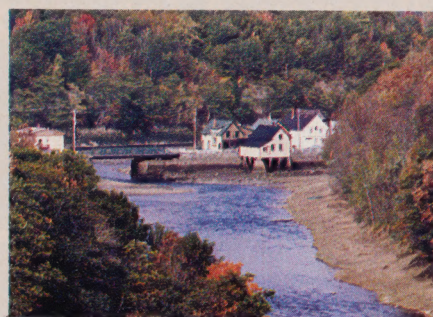
By Alexander Bruce

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS

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SMALL TOWNS

With its terraced streets, acres of trees and 19th century homes, Bear River, N.S., is a jewel of a village, a place with the dreamlike quality of an illustration from a Victorian storybook. As one resident observes, it has “a romantic reputation as a place where free spirits can live and prosper.” That, unfortunately, is part of its problem.

By Marian Bruce

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FOOD

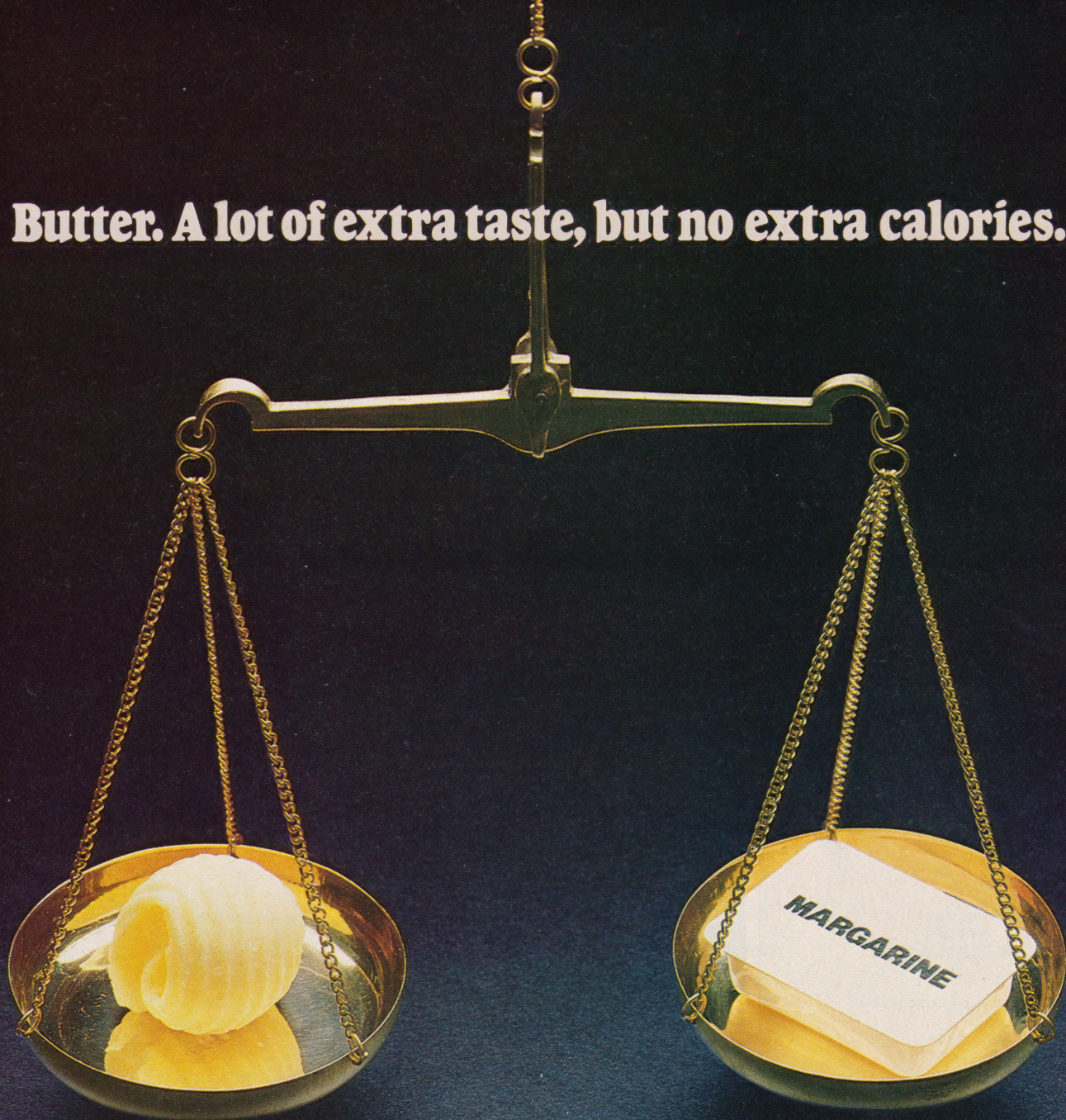
When Charlottetown restaurateur Maroun Abduala emigrated from Lebanon a few years ago, it seemed to him “that people ate meat and potatoes, always meat and potatoes. We decided to offer people something different.” In that spirit, we offer you a few of Abduala’s recipes for a Lebanese-style buffet

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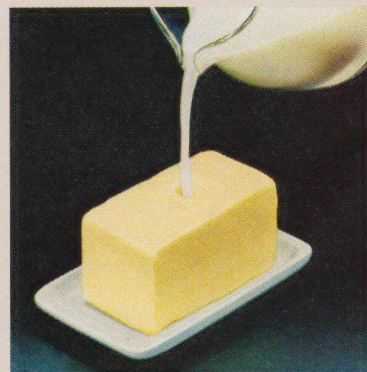
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Editor's Letter

Not a family affair

On New Year's Eve, 1975, I was in a CBC radio studio doing interviews for a live program marking the end of International Women's Year. Of the dozen or so women from all over North America whom we called, one I remember particularly well was Susan Brownmiller. Her book, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, had been one of the most controversial works of the publishing season. Toward the end of the interview, Brownmiller made the comment that helped me remember her so well. Rape and other crimes of violence against women were the issue of the moment, she said. But within a few years, she predicted, this would be replaced by the issue of the abuse of children, sexual and otherwise.

She was a good prophet. Eight years later, the question of child abuse has become an open sore. Child pornography. Child prostitution. And, perhaps most horrifying in a list of horror stories, incest — the abuse of children in their own homes by members of their own family. It's the subject of the Special Report on page 21 of this issue, researched and written by Katherine Jones.

Brownmiller predicted that the revelation of various forms of abuse perpetrated against children for many years would shock society. Again, she was right. Abuse of children isn't new. Shedding some light on those dark corners in which it is carried out *is*. Incest, especially, is a form of abuse that most people simply don't want to see. One social worker with more than 20 years experience told Jones, "The truth of the matter is that I didn't WANT to see one [case of incest,] and I didn't know HOW to see one."

But how could we have avoided the problem for so long? Apart from the fact that cases of incest are something we haven't wanted to see, there are good reasons why they have seldom tended to be reported. Most reasons rest with the child herself, frequently helpless and terrified, caught in a situation where she becomes a double victim — first, of the abuse itself; second, of the guilt attached when the abuse draws the attention of



child protection workers. Jones describes the response encountered by most of these workers when they try to intervene on behalf of sexually abused children:

"They usually meet a blank wall of resistance. The father flatly denies the abuse. The mother backs him up. The child is blamed. Terrified, she is subjected to tremendous pressure, from all members of the family, including siblings, to recant and withdraw the allegations. The father will use all his trump cards: Threats, coercion and bribery. The mother is often a silent partner."

Do children lie about being sexually abused? According to available statistics, never. Yet they are frequently disbelieved, with disastrous results. An Ontario therapist put the case clearly to a P.E.I. seminar on incest: "'Children who say they are being sexually abused ARE being sexually abused. . . . If you don't believe her story, you enhance the chances of that child being permanently damaged. . . . You're just another person who doesn't believe her.'"

Placing the onus on the child to convince authorities outside the family that she has been mistreated has led to even more bizarre results than refusal to believe her story. Several years ago, a judge in the United States acquitted a man charged with sexual abuse of a five-year-old girl on the grounds that the child had acted in a provocative manner in the man's presence. It is a very short step from that attitude to the one which dismisses rape or other crimes of sexual violence against women with a well-she-must-have-asked-for-it shrug.

Does anyone sincerely believe that it's fun to confess to having been the victim of such crimes? Late last fall an Ontario woman refused, out of terror of reprisal, to appear in court and testify against her alleged rapists. The presiding judge found her in contempt of court and sent her to jail for a week.

That'll teach her. Just as refusing to believe the stories of abused children will teach them to keep their little mouths shut, ensuring that one of the most vicious crimes in today's society remains all in the family.

M. Lynn MacDonald

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FEEDBACK

Let us spray

Mr. Wannamaker's article *Spray Opponents Lick Their Wounds and Get Ready for Another Fight* (Nova Scotia, November) raises many questions. Given that the 15 plaintiffs were prepared to call nearly three times the number of witnesses to testify, and to present the court with more than twice as many scientific reports as the defendants did, I find Wannamaker's statement that the spray opponents knew that "they didn't have a wisp of a hope of winning" a bit difficult to take at face value. I wager that quite the opposite view was held. However, if what the article's author stated was indeed a fact, then apparently a great deal of time and money, both private and public, has been needlessly wasted and our courts used in staging a grandiose publicity stunt to garner support for a cause which does not exist. I cannot follow the claim that the government left the spray opponents no alternative to the courts. The government, as is its right, chose to allow certain forms of forest spraying with approved chemicals. Should they then have yielded to the ultimatums of a highly vocal lobby, which, it transpired, could offer no widely accepted scientific proof why a ban on spraying should be imposed?

Douglas Stallard
New Glasgow, N.S.

Glen Wannamaker tries to evoke sympathy for a misguided group of Cape Breton landowners now faced with legal costs as a result of taking a completely untenable case to the courts on the issue of forest spraying. Elementary facts which these well-intentioned people should have known were: 1) A very small portion of the so-called forest land in Nova Scotia is suitable for reforestation. 2) The cost of replanting is so high that it is only justified when given the very best possible care. 3) The chemical in its diluted form as used in Nova Scotia is as comparable to the saturation treatment used in Vietnam as our use of salt. Common salt when concentrated is lethal to fish, animals and plants, and is a widely used preservative. In small quantities it is relished by every home cook. If the horror stories of the old salt mines replaced our common sense, we would all be eating flat-tasting porridge.

E. L. Eaton
Windsor, N.S.

Salute to Sackville

I was very annoyed when I read *Sackville, N.B.* (Small Towns, November). I was born there, on Weldon Street, and later moved to other parts of the town. I left when I was 16, as my father was transferred. My life while I

was there was busy; with sports, getting an education, making friends, and enjoying all the parades, carnivals, shows on Saturday, youth classes at St. Paul's Anglican Church, teas and whatever came next. I have always felt very proud to have been born in Sackville, N.B. Too bad a Torontonion had to write such a biased article.

Mary (Hicks) Blakney
Hopewell, N.S.

A charter subscriber comments

Please let a charter subscriber make a few comments about the articles in your November issue. I was fascinated by *A Jewel Called Jordan* (Travel), and I enjoyed the cover story. I lived in Buchans, Nfld., Heart's Content and, many years later, in Corner Brook. I travelled around the sea coast of Newfoundland and on the "Newfie Bullet" across it, so the offshore cowboys are very clear in my mind. Please don't let writers like Harry Bruce and Ray Guy out of your hands. As a graduate in the 1930s of Mt. Allison University and a resident of the Maritimes who went to Newfoundland as a "landed immigrant" long before Canada took on the country, I can identify with the nostalgic humor and satire of those gifted writers.

Jean M. Hoddinott
Sussex, N.B.

Credit for profit

I would like to make an important correction in what was otherwise a well-written article. In the cover story *Offshore Cowboys* (November), it was incorrectly reported that "the offshore cowboys" produced a \$2.4-billion profit for Mobil in 1982. In fact, Mobil Corporation's 1982 earnings totalled \$1.3 billion. Furthermore, these earnings came from all of Mobil's operations, not just the offshore. These other operations include retail merchandising, paper board packaging, chemicals, and foreign and domestic (U.S.) petroleum operations (onshore as well as offshore). While I am sure Canada's east coast offshore workers would be flattered for being considered responsible for Mobil's profits, credit must be given to all of Mobile's worldwide divisions.

Susan Sherk
Public Affairs
Mobil Oil Canada
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St. John's, Nfld.

Re cycling article

I have always enjoyed *Atlantic Insight*, and I particularly liked the article *Vermont on a Bicycle* (Travel) which appeared in your September issue. But why Vermont? Why not "Nova Scotia on a Bicycle" or "Prince Edward Island on a Bicycle"? There are equally beautiful

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areas to tour by bicycle in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. I think it would be more appropriate for an Atlantic Canada magazine to publicize these. I would very much like to read an article containing this type of information about cycling in Nova Scotia. Information provided by the Nova Scotia Tourist Bureau on this subject leaves a lot to be desired.

*Phyllis MacDonald
Charlottetown, P.E.I.*

Back to the soil

In regard to the story *Kicking the Chemical Habit* (Prince Edward Island, October), I must say I feel honored to have a story written about what we are doing with our soils. But there are two things that need clarification. For one, our heavy applications of lime are calcitic lime (high calcium lime) and not dolomitic lime, which, according to many of my sources of information, is one of the causes of soil erosion and land degradation. Secondly, the heavy application of potash wasn't recommended by government agrologists as stated in the story but by another source. Maybe I didn't make the point clear to Susan Mahoney. I don't want to unjustly accuse people in the Department of Agriculture, and I apologize for my misunderstanding on that issue. Healing sick soil is my aim because I firmly believe sick soils are the cause of sick crops, sick livestock and sick people. Soil is a very precious natural resource and the present trend of ever-increasing erosion and land degradation must be reversed for both the present and future generations.

*Chris Mermuys
Montague, P.E.I.*

Creighton chills and thrills

I was impressed by the article on Helen Creighton by Roma Senn in the October issue of *Insight* (*Things That Go Bump in the Night, Heritage*). I truly enjoy her work and do not hesitate to admit that many of her stories have sent chills down my spine. Although she has been widely acknowledged throughout Canada, I feel that Nova Scotians are sadly lacking in the realization that we have a treasure amongst us. Nova Scotia has a wealth of folklore which Helen Creighton has uncovered and brought to life. This is part of our heritage which we could appreciate more. Roma Senn displays many facets of the author's talents about which I had no knowledge, but was pleased to discover. I had no idea she was a researcher of "lost" songs, which brings her further credit. I also appreciated the short tale included in the article. It was certainly ghostly and frightening enough to chill one's bones. I would like to express my admiration for the 84-year-old author and would be very pleased to see further articles on the folklore of Atlantic Canada.

*Claire T. Murphy
Armdale, N.S.*



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The Port of Halifax gets the last laugh

After a couple of disastrous years — thanks partly to CN's cosy arrangement with a Montreal-based container group — Halifax is poised to take over a major share of the world container business

When the Halifax-Dartmouth Port Development Commission invited Canadian National Railways to send a representative on a port promotion tour of the Far East recently, the CN brusquely declined. "No way was anyone in CN going anywhere with Halifax," recalls commission chairman John Grice. "They had to maintain a neutral stance." Grice tells that story to illustrate what he considers the hypocrisy of CN's top management — a group he describes as "a Montreal dining club."

The extent of CN's "neutrality" was shown at a series of Canadian Transport Commission (CTC) hearings in the fall, when the railway finally admitted paying secret commissions to undercut the competition in North American container shipping business between 1979 and 1981. The Crown corporation had paid commissions to the Montreal-based Cast container group on containers moving by rail from Montreal to Chicago. When the payments began, CN had an 18% interest in Cast's parent company, Eurocanadian Shipholdings Ltd.

For Grice, 40, the revelations vindicated his long and often lonely crusade to expose what he considered CN's abuse of its monopoly position in the port of Halifax.

Journalist Lyndon Watkins, whose 1982 *Globe and Mail* story on the secret payments to Cast had the effect of a bombshell in the industry, credits Grice with almost singlehandedly focusing public attention on the effect of CN's investment in Cast. "Grice is relentless and phenomenally well connected," Watkins says. "He lives and breathes the port."

Grice's involvement with the port dates back to the late Sixties. A native of New Glasgow, N.S., where his father managed a department store, Grice became fascinated by transportation while studying economics at the University of New Brunswick. After graduating in 1966, he settled in Halifax to work for the provincial government and later for the port commission. In the mid-Seventies, he left the commission to go into business, first as a consultant and later as general manager of Newfoundland Container, a small feeder service operating between Newfoundland and the mainland. He now runs Halifax Offshore Services, a stevedoring firm set up to serve the offshore drilling rigs.

Grice fixes the beginning of the port's crisis in container traffic at 1975, when the CTC allowed CN to invest \$12 mil-

lion in Eurocanadian. The railway insisted this was necessary to attract container rail traffic from Cast ships calling at Montreal. Later, the investment grew to almost \$70 million.

In Halifax, container lines were uneasy about the new liaison. Dart, the first and largest container operator in the port, warned that it didn't want to be left at the mercy of CN's rail service. While the renegade Cast line remained outside the rate-setting cartel of shipping companies and depressed shipping rates on the North Atlantic to unparalleled levels, the CN's rate continued to climb. The Halifax-based lines, Watkins says, couldn't understand "why they couldn't get the business. They had a good port, and rail connections, but rail rates kept going up while competitors kept getting



DAVID NICHOLS

Grice took tough stand with CN

better rates. Montreal seemed to have the magic formula."

In 1981, the not-unexpected disaster struck: Dart announced it was leaving for Montreal; Trans Freight Lines left for the United States. They took with them a third of Halifax's container cargo. "It was a disastrous blow," says Grice. "An extreme psychological blow, because Dart was considered a Halifax carrier. There was a feeling that how could the most magnificent port in the world suffer such misfortune?"

Within months, the Nova Scotia government — faced with serious problems in an industry estimated to have an economic impact of more than \$1 billion in the Halifax metropolitan area — appointed Grice head of a committee on the future of the port. Among other

things, it recommended more staff and funding to promote the port, and said CN should divest itself of Cast and make greater efforts to develop the Halifax route and the unused rail capacity on the Halifax-Montreal run.

In August, 1983, Grice was appointed chairman of the commission, a job some observers said he'd been doing — unofficially — for years.

Development Minister Roland Thornhill, who often consulted with Grice on port matters while in opposition, says the port has benefited from Grice's tough stand with CN.

And both Thornhill and Grice predict much brighter days ahead for the troubled port. With the advent of third-generation container ships too large for most east coast ports, particularly Montreal, they say, Halifax is poised for a major share of the world container business.

More than 100 of these ships, capable of carrying more than 2,000 containers and with drafts of 38 to 40 feet, are on order in shipyards around the world. When they start operating in 1985, they'll revolutionize container shipping.

John Eyre, a respected shipping consultant from Quebec, told a CTC hearing in Halifax in the fall that the vessels' size will force a change in world shipping routes. The port of Halifax, because of its great depth and two container terminals, is expected to benefit most from these changes. Montreal won't be able to accommodate the vessels.

A possible snag in all this, of course, could be CN's railway line — the quality of its service and the level of its rates — linking Halifax to inland markets. As the Grice report observed, that will be a critical factor in whether Halifax can capitalize on those new opportunities.

Some people, including Grice, have a nagging feeling that CN may once again buy a share in Cast. (The line, restructured as Cast (1983) Ltd., is a wholly owned subsidiary of the Royal Bank of Canada, which put Eurocanadian into receivership last spring. But Canada's banking laws prohibit banks' involvement in extraneous business for more than two years.) They point to the recent testimony of CN's new president, Maurice LeClair, before the CTC in Montreal. While admitting the Cast investment was a mistake, he said that, if Canadian Pacific has a shipping line and jeopardizes CN's share of Montreal traffic, the railway would have to consider acquiring its own line.

For John Grice and the Halifax-Dartmouth Port Development Commission, the probable scenario is all too familiar.

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The DVA revs up a job-hungry town

The DVA's arrival in Charlottetown also seems to be jacking up rents. But the city's faring better than most people expected

In the emergency waiting room at Charlottetown's Queen Elizabeth Hospital, every seat is taken. A few children are wailing; parents wait patiently, and one little girl rocks back and forth on a wooden horse. Dr. Kevin Coady runs a hand through his blond hair. His white coat is rumpled and his five o'clock shadow looks a lot older than five o'clock. "I've been working since nine this morning," he says wearily. "It's the DVA — hired away all our doctors."

Coady's dilemma is just one symptom of what the move of the Department of Veterans' Affairs headquarters from Ottawa has meant to the people of Charlottetown. So far, five P.E.I. doctors have accepted office jobs as medical advisers with the Canadian Pension Commission, a sub-division of DVA, leaving the Island short of practising physicians. The DVA is courting seven more.

The DVA move, conceived in 1976, was to be part of a massive government de-centralization, to provide jobs and other economic benefits to the poor cousins in the far-flung regions of Canada. The DVA move would be a feather in the political cap for then Veterans Affairs minister Dan MacDonald, who was the only Islander in Trudeau's cabinet.

Seven years and \$65 million later, the DVA is operating from Charlottetown, although it's not yet permanently ensconced in its headquarters, a \$20-million building to be finished this spring.

So far, more than 500 people are working for the DVA on the Island, and 365 more positions will be transferred from Ottawa in the spring. Initial forecasts were that only 10% to 25% of these jobs would be taken by Islanders. In fact, Islanders have filled 51% of DVA jobs. Many Ottawa DVA employees just didn't want to move to Charlottetown — mainly, relocation task force director Ken Millan says, because their spouses had jobs outside the DVA. They felt there was little chance of a spouse finding work in the job-hungry Maritimes. Many of those who accepted the transfer are former Islanders.

The move has helped the local employment situation in several ways, according to economist Pat Johnstone of the Charlottetown Canada Employment Centre. Many people in the provincial civil service moved over to DVA where the pay scale is higher. That's created

openings in the provincial government staff, some of which are being filled by formerly unemployed people. "What is important about DVA jobs," Johnstone says, "is that they're permanent, year-round jobs and they're relatively well paid." Also, Johnstone says, "the impact of those extra people spending their money is a considerable stimulus to the service sector."

Because so many DVA employees decided not to move to Charlottetown, the impact on the town is less dramatic than was expected. Officials began planning as early as 1976 to make sure there'd be no swamping of services on the Island. There was concern there'd be overcrowding in the schools, but Parnell

Garland, superintendent of the Unit 3 school board, says that didn't happen: Declining enrolment balanced out the arrival of the children of DVA employees. The board started one French-language school for DVA families; about 30 students are enrolled in Grades 1 to 8.

The DVA has made itself felt in the business community. It's not only doctors who are being hired away from previous jobs. "We lost two excellent legal secretaries," says David Hooley of the Charlottetown law firm Tweedy Ross. "The DVA is paying them significantly more than we can afford

to pay." Other law firms confirm there's been a drain on good secretaries. But other than that, says Hooley, who's also president of the Charlottetown Chamber of Commerce, "you'd have a hard time finding anybody to complain about the DVA." During construction of the new DVA building, more than 600 man-years of work were created. When the nearly 900 permanent employees are in place, another 600 man-years of work are expected to be created in the service sector. "The benefits to the business community are psychological as well as real," Hooley says. "It's bolstered the confidence of local businessmen in the long-

term viability of the community."

Housing sales have been affected dramatically. Nobody knows exactly how many people have moved to the Island because of the DVA, but it's estimated that there's been an influx of more than 750 people. "Eighty-one and '82 were pretty bad years," says Lucie Jardine, president of the P.E.I. Real Estate Association. "But 1983," she says, was "almost a direct turnaround. It's now hard to find a house in the 30- to 70-thousand-dollar range." No federal civil service enclave has developed. "The majority want to live downtown, but they're buying in Sherwood, Parkdale, Banbury, and some within a 15-mile radius of town."

Many DVA employees have decided to rent. The vacancy rate, an indication of the number of units available at any one time, has dropped to less than 1%



Hutcheson: "We decided it would be nice to change our lifestyle"

from nearly 5% three years ago. Some say rents have gone up because of the DVA employees, and fear there will be a real crunch when more people arrive in the spring.

"They're charging \$450 for a one-bedroom apartment," says a spokesman for ALERT, a Charlottetown anti-poverty group. "That's steep, but these people coming down from Ottawa think it's a breeze." There's little recourse when a landlord asks for a higher rent, because the low occupancy rate means it's hard to find another apartment. The DVA relocation staff has been trying to encourage local builders to put up more

apartments to accommodate the spring arrivals. But builders say there's no incentive to build new units. "To make it work, you're looking at minimum rent of \$550 for a two-bedroom unit," says Gary MacLeod, president of the P.E.I. branch of the Housing and Urban Development Association. "DVA people are very specific. They say they'll pay between \$400 and \$425. Don't complain when there's no new housing." If the expected demand for apartments does materialize, and the builders don't rise to the occasion, there could be a serious apartment shortage in Charlottetown in the spring.

The effects of the move on the social fabric of the community are less easily gauged. Some people feared that a sophisticated cosmopolitan crowd of newcomers would find itself alienated from local citizens. But many DVA newcomers say they moved because they wanted to live in a quiet, pollution-free environment, and they don't miss the excitement of the big city.

"I like the ocean and the air, and the feeling of well-being when I'm here," says Michael Wendt, who moved to the Island in October. "I like the slow pace of life."

"We decided it would be nice to change our lifestyle," says Maureen Hutcheson, a training consultant with DVA. Her husband, Bob, also a DVA employee, grew up in Charlottetown. The Hutchesons both worked for other gov-

ernment departments in Ottawa. When they heard about the DVA move, both applied for jobs with the department.

Maureen Hutcheson cites the high crime rate in Ottawa and feelings of impersonality and transience as reasons for wanting to leave the city. "I wanted to be able to walk down the street, say hello to somebody and get a little more involved."

But would Charlottetown society, known for its insularity and reserve toward people "from away," accept the Hutchesons and other DVA employees?

In November, Hutcheson ran for a seat on city council in Ward 4, one of the oldest and most established districts in Charlottetown. She won over the incumbent to become the second woman in 117 years on the council. Hutcheson admits she was reticent about being a newcomer and a DVA employee. "I played that very low key. It wasn't mentioned through my whole campaign."

David Hooley says he was surprised Hutcheson won. "Her background was known, but it didn't hurt her a bit. P.E.I. traditionally has been seen as a very static community. In the last 10 years, we've seen the community become much more heterogeneous. I think it's very positive." Hutcheson says other DVA employees were delighted she'd won. "They felt so good that I could go out and accomplish that in the community. It meant if you gave it all you had and wanted to integrate, people would accept you."

— Susan Mahoney

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Bringing the Arctic to Nova Scotia's South Shore

Gyta Eeseemailie and Josea Maniapik are printmakers from Pangnirtung, a community on Baffin Island, about 2,500 km from the art gallery overlooking Lunenburg harbor where their work is on display this fine autumn morning. Maniapik is explaining in Inuktitut, which Eeseemailie translates, that for the print "Woman Thinking" he cut six stencils, each of which took him two days. The result has the look of a delicate watercolor. Eeseemailie cuts on stone to produce prints that are sharper and bolder.

Alma Houston, owner of Houston North Gallery where the work of 19 Pangnirtung artists is displayed, admits that "opening an art gallery in the middle of a recession in a town of 3,000 was an improbable thing to do." But the results have been satisfying, with sales steadily increasing since Houston North opened in 1981. And there is nothing improbable in her choice of specialty, for Houston has been committed to the support and development of Inuit (Eskimo) art for more than three decades.

She discovered it in July, 1950, when she went to the first exhibition of Inuit sculpture at the Canadian Handicraft Guild in Montreal. "I loved the art immediately. It was like nothing I had ever seen before. I still remember the little carving of a bear I bought."

Born in Stewiacke, N.S., Alma Barndon had come to Montreal in 1949, worked briefly at *The Montreal Star* and was about to accept a teaching position in Venezuela when she saw the exhibition. There she met Jim Houston, the man responsible for introducing southern Canadians to Inuit art, the first to identify their stone carvings as art.

They had lunch together. "Jim convinced me that I should go north instead of south." Five months later they were married, and in January, 1951, they went north. The federal government, recognizing that art could become a source of income for the Inuit, assisted with money and transport. The Houstons went to Cape Dorset on Baffin Island to identify carvers and bring their work south.

Alma Houston took to the Arctic. Travelling from Frobisher Bay to Cape Dorset by dogsled left her time to study the landscape. At overnight stops, "I was impressed by the gentleness and hospitality of the Inuit, and their soft voices." She had learned some Inuktitut, but her attempts to use it sometimes led to amusing misunderstandings. "I recall telling some women that I had

four brothers, and I held up my hand to show how tall they were. They looked so amazed that Jim had to explain that I'd told them I had four sons."

From Cape Dorset they travelled to different camps in search of carvers. "The name of Oshuitok, a very talented sculptor, kept coming up. When we finally met him, he grasped immediately what we were trying to do." Later, he became godfather to the Houstons' youngest son, Sam, born in 1956. John, their other son, who helps run Houston North, was born in 1954.

In the autumn of 1951, the Houstons came south by icebreaker with about 100 carvings. At communities en route, they put on displays of the carvings. The Inuit were fascinated: "They were looking for the presence of the artist in the carvings," Houston says. "My own feeling about art is that art is what is in the artist."

In 1957, Jim Houston introduced the Inuit of Cape Dorset to printmaking. For years they had decorated their parkas with stencilled designs cut from skins. He showed them how they could adapt this technique and their centuries-old tradition of carving in stone and ivory to the creation of what was to them a new art form.

"They experimented for about two years," says Alma Houston. "Jim felt he was too close to judge the results so he sent a collection of prints south to a group of interested people, including John Robertson [an Ottawa art dealer]." The reaction was favorable, and in 1959, the first catalogued collection of prints was issued. By 1961, the informal group of advisers had evolved into the Eskimo Art Committee (in 1967, renamed the Eskimo Arts Council). They provided quality control, and devised a blind embossed stamp which is applied to each print to certify its authenticity. Between 1961 and 1981, the Inuit of Povungnituk, Holman Island, Baker Lake, Pangnir-

tung and Clyde River began issuing annual series of prints.

The Houstons worked in the Arctic until 1962; then they went their separate ways: Jim to Steuben Glass in New York as assistant director of design; Alma to Ottawa with the two boys.

Evan Turner, then director of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts and chairman of the Eskimo Art Committee, asked Houston to take over the marketing of Inuit prints. "I was paid by the West Baffin co-op," she explains. "For the first two or three years I sold to dealers. It soon became clear that more than a one-person operation was needed, so in 1965 we set up Canadian Arctic Producers, a marketing agency for several co-ops, which would ultimately be owned by them. I agreed to stay until that time."

As director of fine arts for the



Houston with print by Pudlo, sculpture by Kenojuak

agency, Houston travelled to Europe, Australia, New Zealand and the U.S., arranging exhibits and promoting Inuit art in general. In 1975, ownership of Canadian Arctic Producers passed to the Inuit. For the next three years Houston worked on contract for the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs.

All these years, Houston had returned regularly to Nova Scotia to visit her family. In 1980, she decided to see if she could settle down there.

"I came down to Nova Scotia to write a book on contemporary Inuit art. So much that is written about Inuit art is presented in a southern frame of reference. I wanted to write for the Inuit, so that they could see how people viewed their art, and to understand the effect it had on people outside the North."

It was her son John who suggested

PETER BARSS

the gallery. "He was in Alaska working as first assistant director for Carroll Ballard on *Never Cry Wolf* when I came down here. I spoke to him on the phone and he persuaded me to look for a 'nice old house with room to display Inuit art as it should be displayed.'" For the moment, the book is on hold.

Asked why she chose Lunenburg to settle in, Houston replies: "Because it's the most beautiful town in Nova Scotia." But she admits that "when you're in a small place, you have to try harder." In summer, "we work seven days a week, till 10." She has built up a mailing list of 700 people in countries like West Germany, Australia and the U.S. as well as Canada.

In addition to Inuit prints, sculpture and tapestry, Houston North carries the work of Joe Norris, Alice Reed, and Burland Murphy, whose delightful animal woodcuts are turned into prints by John Houston in his printshop downstairs. "Those Burland Murphys are going all over the world," Houston says.

For the first three years, Houston was not sure she wanted to stay in Nova Scotia all year, "especially after the cold winter of '81-'82. I found that in winter I slowed down, almost as if I were hibernating." But last spring, she finally sold her house in Ottawa and bought a beautiful Lunenburg heritage house with an old-fashioned garden. "It was a commitment," she explains, "a decision to spend the rest of my life here." — **Pat Lotz**



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Farewell from an artist and *schnorrer*

As an artist, director Malcolm Black leaves Theatre New Brunswick with some regret. As a schnorrer — beggar — for funds, he won't mind a bit

The room is large, as big as the Playhouse main stage one floor below, and rather bare. In one corner, TNB musical director Noreen Waibel shuffles sheet music at her piano. A dozen actors, half of them children, sit in a loose group near the centre of the room, facing a middle-aged man perched on a conductor's stool. There is a few moments' pregnant silence, and then the deep basso voice of one of the actors fills the cavernous rehearsal hall: "All right . . . let's try that again."

It is the first read-through of Theatre New Brunswick's production of *The Little Sweep*, an opera by English composer Benjamin Britten, with a first act written specially for the production by New Brunswick playwright Weldon Matthews. It is also the 20th TNB production to begin this way, with a read-through before the man on the tall stool: TNB artistic director Malcolm Black. The 20th and very nearly the last.

At the end of this season, Malcolm Black will return to Toronto after six years as artistic director of New Brunswick's only permanent theatre company. It has been a turbulent period for the 56-year-old Liverpool-born director and for the theatre he has shaped since 1978.

Black's marriage, already in trouble when he arrived in Fredericton, did not survive the relative isolation of small-town society. His wife of 13 years left him to return to her native Los Angeles. Black sold the house he had bought to accommodate a family, moved into an apartment, and threw himself into his work.

Meanwhile, Theatre New Brunswick dropped its moribund summer season, began performing more Canadian work, doubled the size of its audience, and managed to turn a \$20,000 deficit into a modest surplus.

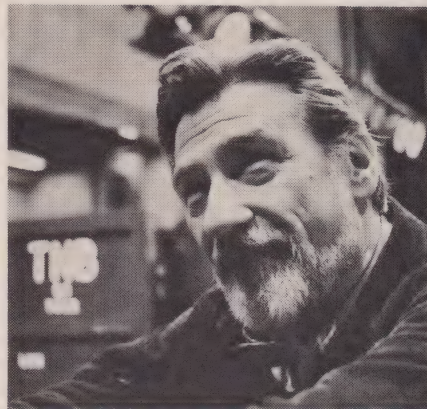
"This has been an amazing experience for me," Black says as we chat in his Playhouse office, its walls covered in theatrical prints and the mementoes of nearly three decades in show business. "I didn't realize how sheltered my life had been, until I started living here."

It seems an odd confession, from a man who trained in London and lived in New York, Vancouver and Los Angeles, before coming to Fredericton. He explains: "I've learned that I've spent a lot of my life in a bit of a tunnel. The people I've associated with largely have been either in the arts or the universities. I

have met and made friends with more people from different walks of life in the 5½ years I've been here than in the previous 45 years.

"That's been an incredible experience for me as a human being. It has opened up my understanding. It has changed the way I approach scripts, because I have a much better understanding of more different kinds of people."

The broadening of Malcolm Black's personal world view accompanied a dawning recognition that New Brunswick is not the place for artistic navel-gazing. In Black's first season with TNB, audiences used to more conventional fare criticized him for producing Samuel Beckett's existential drama *Waiting for Godot*. Black still considers the production his best work at TNB, but he has learned to be more selective in what he offers New Brunswick



Black: Six years at TNB broadened his life audiences.

"You're going to play to a crowd that is everything from blue collar to a university president. In Edmundston, you've got a very sophisticated audience. The audience you have in Moncton is fairly sophisticated and the audience in Fredericton is a mixture. The audience in Saint John and Campbellton is not wildly sophisticated. You've got to find [plays] that will not drive people screaming from the theatre in any of those places."

Black angrily rejects the suggestion he has had to compromise with New Brunswickers' unlettered tastes. Rather, he is inclined to quote composer Igor Stravinsky: "The more constraints one imposes, the more one frees himself."

The constraint of touring nine towns and cities in 21 days with every TNB main stage production extends beyond the choice of material. Stage effects that

are easy enough to execute from the well-equipped wings of the Fredericton Playhouse are not so simple in a high school auditorium in St. Stephen. One of the accomplishments Black is most proud of is the design of a touring unit that allows TNB to perform its plays without modification on the road. "Everything is designed for the hardest place on tour."

TNB under Black's direction has moved in other ways as well to ingratiate itself with provincial audiences. The number of Canadian plays in the season has grown, with several by New Brunswick writers, including last autumn's *The Sinners*, by Fredericton playwright Norm Foster. At least one of the two short plays the TNB Young Company performs for school audiences each season is now produced in both English and French.

Black has assiduously cultivated TNB's image as a community theatre, partly to counter the impression left by cast lists that feature almost exclusively imported talent ("Because there's no radio and television, there just isn't enough work" to sustain professional actors in New Brunswick, Black explains).

The strategy has paid off handsomely for TNB's finances, the Achilles' heel of many other theatres. Subscriptions in some of the smaller road stops have tripled since 1978. Grants from the province and the Canada Council have also increased and corporate donations have helped turn the theatre's red ink to black.

Still, Black the artist has mixed feelings about the success of Black the *schnorrer*, Yiddish for beggar. "To me the least demanding part of this job is going up into the rehearsal room and directing the shows," he says. Much more difficult is taking time, during breaks in directing, to promote the yearly subscription drive over rubber chicken at service club luncheons.

Malcolm Black will not be sorry to leave that behind when he moves in May to Toronto. His arrangement with that city's Theatre Plus Company gives him freedom to direct some of the works he has passed over for TNB (his first production will be Henrik Ibsen's dark symbolic drama *The Wild Duck*), without the additional duties of theatre management.

The personal discoveries Black believes he has made while living in New Brunswick will be more lasting. "When you've had your life broadened like that, you don't go back."

— Chris Wood

Reliving the nightmare

Six years ago, 21 men died in jail in the worst fire in Saint John's history. This month, the courts will decide on whether 12 of the victims' families should receive compensation

3:40 am, June 22, 1977. Outside the trim blue-and-white bungalow in East Saint John, a steady drizzle falls from overcast skies. Inside, Kenneth Milne, his wife, Dorothy, and their 22-year-old daughter, Eileen, are asleep. The bed belonging to 18-year-old Timothy Milne is empty. The youngest of the Milne's three children was convicted earlier in the month of refusing a breathalyzer test and sentenced to spend three days in jail. The term was supposed to end the evening before, but crossed wires at the provincial jail have prevented his release until the next day.

At a quarter to four in the morning, the telephone rings at the sleeping Milne household. Eileen reaches the phone first. For a moment she listens, then she begins to scream. The caller told her only that there has been "an accident" at the city hall jail where Tim is being held. In fact, there has been a fire. Tim is among nearly two dozen men, young and old, who are dead.

The scene five miles away at Saint John's new city hall, less than six years old at the time, is like something from a nightmare. The lights of emergency vehicles paint the rain-slicked streets with lurid pools of red and blue. Ambulances scream through the night on a steady shuttle to a hospital seven blocks away. And one after another, grim-faced police and firemen carry the bodies out through the building's side door, the anonymous forms covered with a thick dusting of soot that blackens them from head to foot.

Later, an inquest would rule that a fire in the padding of a security cell in the basement "lockup" of the city hall had spread dense billows of poisonous smoke through the facility's three cell-blocks and open "drunk-tank." Of the 27 men behind the lockup bars at the time, 20 died immediately. A 21st died later. All were killed by asphyxiation and carbon monoxide poisoning.

Now, the agony of the nightmare scene has been opened afresh: Dorothy and Kenneth Milne, with the families of 11 other victims of the fire, are suing the City of Saint John and the Province of New Brunswick for damages. (The City, in turn, is suing the estate of the architect who designed the modern city hall structure, and the supplier of the padded cell.)

"I'd like to get paid for what it cost me to bring up my kids," says another plaintiff, Rose Mitchell, whose husband

had been jailed hours before the fire for causing a disturbance. She has since moved with her five children to St. Stephen, N.B., but she remains bitter about the loss. "Ed was a good worker and supported us very well. We had a good future."

For Kenneth Milne, a former fireman, it's a matter of "... justice. This should never have happened. We don't want it to happen again, that's why we're suing."

Two weeks of court hearings last fall refocused public attention on questions that have troubled Saint John citizens ever since the blaze: How was the fire actually set, when the matches that must have been used were never found, and



Kenneth Milne with photo of son Tim

John Edward Kenney, convicted of setting the blaze, was searched twice before being put into the padded cell? What became of keys apparently lost in the confusion after the fire was discovered? Did a kinked fire hose, that also lacked a nozzle, fail because of a fault with the hose, or because guards were inadequately trained to use it? Should the cells' door locks have been able to withstand the fire's heat (one steel door had to be cut open with an acetylene torch)?

Should the cell-block's designer have been aware of dangers associated with the material used in the padded cell? Should the city have installed a sprinkler system recommended by Fire Chief Percy Clark in 1973, before lives were lost?

Those are questions which Court of Queen's Bench Justice William Hoyt must weigh carefully in reaching a decision, promised for this month, on liability for the fire deaths. If the decision finds the City and Province liable, there will be further hearings to determine the amount of damage awards.

The men who died ranged from troublemakers with extensive criminal records, to an elderly drunk who had asked earlier in the evening to be jailed so that he could sober up. Several should not have been there that night, having been moved to the city facility after another fire had damaged cells at the provincial jail.

The death of Timothy Milne was especially tragic. "He wasn't bad. He didn't have time to be bad," remembers his mother. "He loved life." It's as far as she gets before breaking down in tears and leaving the room.

Tim Milne was 18 the night he died. Days earlier, he had graduated from Simonds High School. Always a hard worker (he earned over \$2,000 from evening and weekend work in the first six months of 1977), Tim had planned to join his father in a construction business. Father and son had already moved a small house to the family lot on Baxter Road to serve as an office. Kenneth Milne had put much of his savings into a pickup truck and backhoe, acquired only a week before the fire, for the business.

"It was going to be just Tim and me," Kenneth says. "Tim always wanted his own business, and it was to give me something for my retirement." The retirement dream, like Tim Milne's future, was snuffed out in suffocating smoke.

Reopening the case has been a painful process for the Milnes. Kenneth attended last fall's hearings. His wife didn't. "I couldn't have gone up there [to the court house]. I'd have been arrested for saying what I think."

But however painful the memories, they are determined to see the process through. "I just hope for other people's children," Dorothy Milne says. "I wouldn't want to see them dying like rats in a cage. That's the way Timmy died."

— Chris Wood

Will the feds throw a lifeline to the sinking inshore fleet?

Close to 4,000 inshore fishermen in Newfoundland are technically bankrupt, union officials say. And things are getting worse

When Cliff Doyle and Jim Durnford can't make money fishing, the industry is in trouble, big trouble. They're the "highliners" of the Newfoundland inshore fishery, boat owners who run efficient operations and who always manage, no matter how bad the economy gets. At least that's the way it used to be, until now.

"No one is making money in this business except the people who are lending it," complains Doyle. Since 1979, interest charges and operating costs have tripled, but the price of cod has increased only by 1.5 cents a pound. To make matters worse, catches were down 20% for most boat owners last year. "There's no keeping up with it," says an exasperated Doyle.

Doyle, 33, owns a 55-foot dragger that he operates out of New Ferrolle on the Great Northern Peninsula. The landed value of his catch last year was about \$140,000, half of which went to pay his five crew members. The rest was spent on operating costs, fuel, bait, insurance, repairs and boat mortgage. And it still wasn't enough.

"I'm behind on my boat payments to the bank," says Doyle. "And there's nothing I can do about it. My expenses are more than my income."

He is not alone. The Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union estimates that between 3,500 and 4,000 inshore fishermen, 75% of the small-boat skippers, are technically bankrupt. For the past year, more than half the boat mortgages on the books of the provincial loan board have been overdue, and union secretary Earle McCurdy says the situation is getting worse. McCurdy predicts that unless government provides some kind of financial assistance — granting operating subsidies or assuming part of the fleet's debt load — boats will be forced to tie up.

Jim Durnford, spokesman for 200 boat owners in the Conception Bay area, says some fishermen already have made that decision. Nine longliners, the largest of inshore boats, are for sale in his area, and more are expected to go on the market in the next few months. Other fishermen are worried their boats will be repossessed by the provincial loan board or the banks, he says. The banks handle all boat loans in excess of \$50,000.

Durnford, who owns a 37-foot Cape Islander and who's made a living from fishing for 20 years, says 1982 was the worst season in memory. His catch revenues were down by more than \$40,000 last year because of poor cod landings and because the capelin catch was infected with the disease red feed, which forced him to dump thousands of pounds of fish. Even qualifying for unemployment insurance was a struggle. Normally, Durnford has between 27 and 32 weeks of insured earnings, but last year he managed only 18 weeks.

The earnings squeeze, especially among longliners, didn't happen overnight. It started in 1980 and tightened its stranglehold on the industry as the provincial loan board raised interest rates, Ottawa and the Newfoundland government dropped gear and fish-price subsidies, market prices remained static and operating costs such as fuel increased faster than the rate of inflation. Poor landings last year in crab, squid and herring aggravated an already disastrous situation.

The Kirby Task Force, in its extensive investigation of the Atlantic fisheries, studied the problem but failed to address it other than to recommend a production bonus system for efficient operators and an income stabilization plan. But these programs won't even be piloted until 1985.

Instead, the task force focused on the average household income of fishermen, concluding that most fishermen, especially along the northeast coast of Newfoundland, live below the poverty line. The report said the average income for fishermen in the Atlantic provinces in 1981 was \$6,500. But those who have avoided burdening themselves with excessive debt "will emerge intact from the latest crisis."

McCurdy and others say that assumption is absurd. The loan board encouraged fishermen in the late Seventies to buy new vessels, and in Newfoundland, board interest rates were an enticingly low 3.5%. Consequently, most fishermen are in debt. "The task force deliberately ignored the problem of vessel economics," McCurdy says. "The report was like a firefighter offering someone a coat of paint for his fence when his house is a blazing inferno."

The union has set a floor-price this year with processors of 31.5 cents per pound, 11 cents more per pound than what was paid to fishermen last year. But even this won't solve the problem.

Jim Morgan, Newfoundland's Fisheries minister, agrees something more has to be done to help inshore boat owners over the present crisis. Both the provincial government and the union are looking to Ottawa for some kind of financial aid. But in view of the Kirby recommendations and the \$75-million federal bail-out for the province's processing sector last year, industry observers say, Ottawa may be reluctant to get involved.

As for fishermen like Cliff Doyle, whose whole life is tied up in his vessel, the uncertainty just adds to the financial pressures. "It's a big mental burden," says Doyle, "especially when you can't see any light at the end of the tunnel."

— Bonnie Woodworth



NFFAWU secretary McCurdy fears boats may be forced to tie up

BUCHHEIT/PHOTON

CITYSTYLE

Atlantic Insight

January 1984



**In search
of the
perfect
Metro
martini**

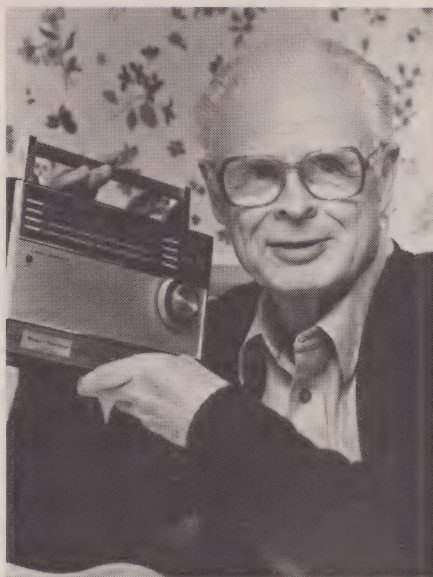
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What's ahead in 1984?



First, the bad news from Beaverbank astrologer **Evelyn Hare**: The planet Saturn's sojourn in Scorpio, she predicts, will bring a year of recklessness and lawlessness. That means people will spend more than they can really afford on travel, new houses and big, new cars. It also means, she says, a lack of respect for tradition and law. There'll be a lot of robbery and raping, and there's a strong threat of war, maybe even a worldwide war. The only other time the planets were in this position, the Korean War broke out. It's also a bad year for people with lung problems — and a good year to quit smoking.

Here's what some other Metro residents *hope* will happen in 1984:



Reid Dexter, retired weatherman and broadcaster: What should I wish for in 1984? First of all, I don't want anything for myself (except, perhaps, fame and fortune). But I do feel sorry for my fellow citizens — not because of little things, like unemployment, inflation and government ineptitude, but important things like *Information Morning* on CBC radio, shining with diminished brilliance; no one on any TV or radio station warning us when to expect the weather forecast to be wrong or telling us why it was wrong yesterday — and East Green Harbour being forgotten — PLUS, us being told, even in the middle of severe drought, how great the weather is because it isn't going to rain. So . . . to make life a little better for lots of people I wish that Reid Dexter would return to radio in 1984. CHNS? CFDR? Or even . . . CBC again?



Francene Cosman, president, N.S. Ad-

visory Council on the Status of Women: I'd like to purchase the all-male bastion of the Halifax gents — better known as the Halifax Club — and turn it into a health spa for women.



Patricia MacCulloch, former actress; cattle farmer: I want to be lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. I could really organize that with style. It would be very interesting for a widow to be given the honor, and a working farmer to boot. And I've already got the Rolls Royce!



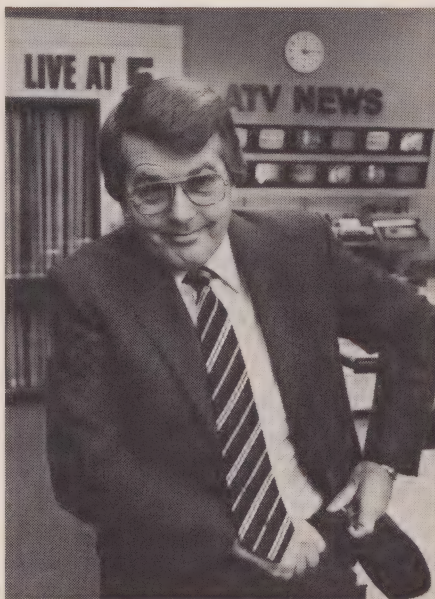
Don Tremaine, host, *CBC Information Morning*: I hope Ronald Reagan and Yuri Andropov would get together for daily showings of *The Day After*. Maybe the American people will prefer to send Reagan back to splitting kindling rather than atoms.



Anne Janega, manager, Better Business Bureau of Nova Scotia: I'm going to undertake to convince all my Upper Canadian friends that there is a Canada east of Montreal.



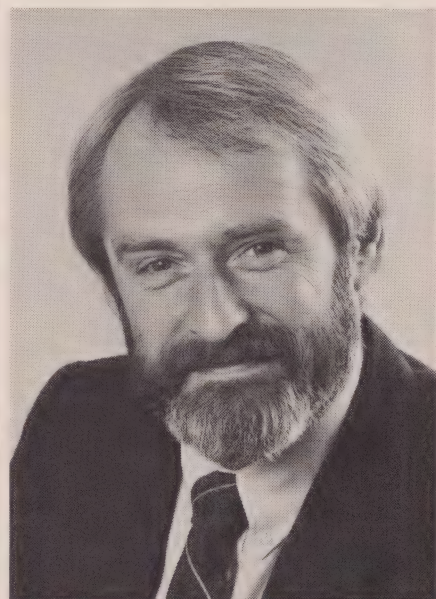
Ruth Goldbloom, former chairman of the board, Mount Saint Vincent University: In 1984 I would like to invent a special air spray can. With this thing, I will be able to walk into my house at 6 p.m. and choose from a variety of cans that I could use to make the house smell like home-made bread or roast beef or veal parmesan. The aroma would be so divine that I would be able to serve silly old hamburgers and nobody would notice.



Dave Wright, television broadcaster: I'm going to set aside three hours every night to devote to fiction writing — storytelling, I call it. I have no idea whether I have the talent to be a writer, but I'm going to try. And I'm definitely going to control my weight. I've become a fast-food junkie, and I'm going to start having decent lunches instead of the drive-and-grab kind.



Arnie Patterson, owner of CFDR radio station: I've made the same resolution for the past 10 years and haven't kept it: Quit smoking. But I plan to write a book in 1984. It will be an anecdotal series of memories — not autobiographical — but it will deal with newspapers and broadcasting, and some great people, the days of Trudeau, the Springhill Mining disaster, and the Dominion Steel Company.



Denis Ryan, musician and stockbroker: I resolve not to manage my own account. I don't usually make resolutions, because I don't have any bad habits. But, of course, I'll be striving for humility, as always.



Marilyn Gillis, Nova Scotia's director of protocol: My resolution is to keep the resolutions I made other years and stick to them. After the Queen's visit in 1976, I sat down and took stock of myself because it had been an extremely busy year. I made out a list of resolutions and just a few months ago I found them buried in a desk drawer and I was disgusted. I hadn't kept any of them.

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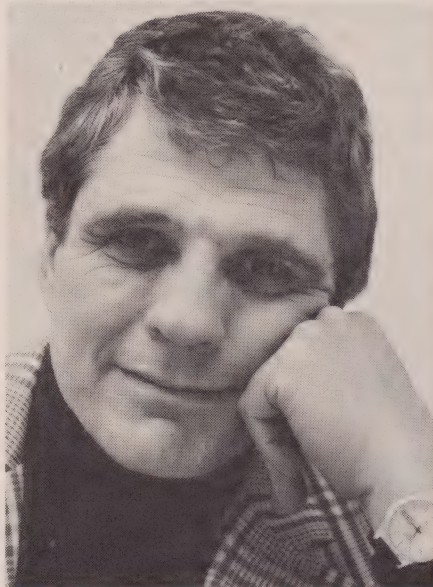
Telephone () _____

The Kidney Foundation of Canada
Box 2670, Station "D"
340 Laurier Street West
Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5W7

Charitable Registration #0224980-13-08



Freeman Churchill, runner: I want to break 2:30 for a marathon. Also, I resolve to buy a car, tune up my bike and enjoy my running as much as I did in 1983.



Bob Hayes, athletic director at Saint Mary's University: In 1984, I resolve to examine the postulates of Fischer's Findings with a publication date in early 1985.

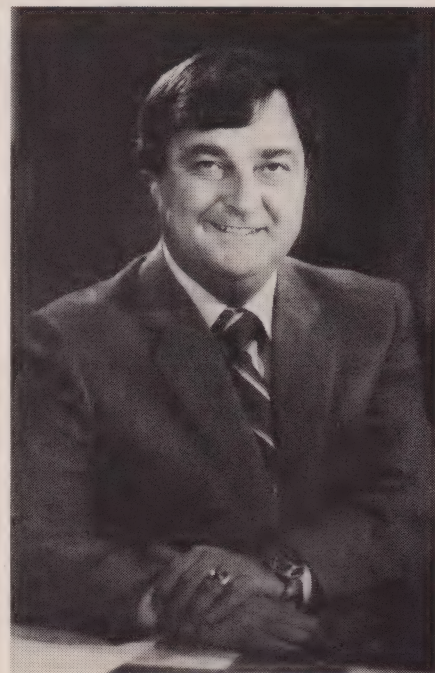


Tom Forrestall, artist: The economy has

been so bad for everybody in the past year and a half, particularly for people in the arts, I just want to climb out of the hole and get back to where I was. I feel as though I've been down a great, big well.



Jacki Duncan, restaurant hostess: To make my mother happy I plan to become more of a lady; 1984 should prove to be quite a year.



Roland Thornhill, N.S. minister of Development: I resolve to walk to the ferry every morning, so there will be one less car on the busy streets.

CITYSTYLE

The Privateers' lady



The Upper Deck sits atop the three-tiered Privateers' Warehouse complex in Halifax's Historic Properties like a soignée lady of the manor loftily surveying a raucous, below-stairs brawl.

It's not that the lower and middle decks of the Warehouse bear much resemblance to the scenes of waterfront merrymaking in the days of the real privateers. The pub on the lower and lounge on the middle decks simply cater to a different crowd — younger, noisier and less interested in eating than drinking. The Upper Deck is definitely for those who are interested in eating.

The high, arching, timbered roof of the restaurant provides enough sense of space to permit a double-decker construction: You walk into the main dining area and then, if you wish, up a few steps to a loft which stretches around the periphery of the main room. The dark wood of what was once the home of a private navy operated by Enos Collins glows with subtle warmth. Chairs and banquettes are upholstered in pale gold floral print whose color and pattern is repeated here and there in bits of wallpaper.

What the Upper Deck lacks — maybe the only thing — is a room with a view. Its nearest competitor, the Clipper Cay, surrounds diners with a panorama of Halifax harbor. The Upper Deck's one set of windows looks north over what used to be a parking lot and what is now the construction site of a new hotel. If you do more looking than eating there's probably no doubt about which place you'd choose — especially if you're a tourist. But for food, I think the Upper Deck's better. It's one of the few places in town, or almost anywhere, that serves fresh vegetables *not* overcooked into an unpalatable mush. And the prices, considering what you get, are very reasonable by Halifax standards. The menu isn't exceptionally imaginative but what the chef may lack (or choose to ignore) in the form of flights of fancy he more than makes up for in execution. Reading the menu may be uninspiring. Actually tasting the dishes isn't.

The Upper Deck has a wonderful way with seafood. If you hate fish (I feel sorry for you), you can get sirloin and

filet and lamb but you'll be missing what this restaurant does best.

You can start with appetizers. Smoked salmon with capers, scallion and horseradish at \$6.95 or smoked mackerel with mustard sauce for \$3.85; fresh Malpeque oysters, when they're in season (\$5.50); steamed mussels in white wine sauce, (\$3.95) or clams with butter and lemon or mussels with garlic butter, for the same price. They're all fresh, all delicious and I usually pass them all up in favor of the Deck's lobster bisque, a light, delicate concoction which comes with just a hint of brandy and a swimmeret floating in its rosy depths (\$4.25).

Fresh Atlantic salmon is ambrosial. Like lobster, it's usually best cooked and served at home, as far as I'm concerned. There, you can hover over it to make sure it reaches just that precise point of doneness that leaves all of its moisture intact. (One cook I've heard of wraps salmon in foil and cooks it in her dishwasher. I've never tried it, but people who've eaten it swear it's terrific.) The Upper Deck's chef must hover a lot — or maybe, use his dishwasher — because the salmon with which I followed my bisque, poached in bouillon, served with hollandaise and fresh carrots and broccoli was near perfection at \$14.95.

You can also try the shrimp broiled in butter sauce, a house specialty, as well as bouillabaisse, scallops in curry sauce, and sole garnished with shrimp and mussels. Or, for the non-fainthearted, the Privateers' Treasure: Alaskan King crab, Digby scallops, shrimp, Atlantic salmon and haddock.

The dessert list is fairly standard but does feature a light, lovely crème caramel named in honor of the late Philippa Monsarrat, a Halifax gourmet cook and teacher, and made from her recipe. The Upper Deck also features Irish, Spanish and German coffees, whipped up with your choice of diabolical liqueurs.

So you can't see the ferries plying their way between Halifax and Dartmouth. You probably won't even notice.

The Upper Deck opens for dinner only at 5 p.m., last service from the kitchen at 11 p.m. And it has monthly specials. — Marilyn MacDonald

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GADABOUT

ART GALLERIES

Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art and Design). Jan. 3-20: Gallery One, photographs from the collection of Francis Coutelier, professor at Université de Moncton; Jan. 3-7: Gallery Two, Glen MacKinnon, sculpture; Gallery Three, Patrick MacAulay, paintings; Jan. 9-14: Gallery Two, David Watson, sculpture; Gallery Three, Lauren Hare, paintings; Jan. 16-21: Gallery Two, John Kennedy and Mark Whidden, sculpture; Gallery Three, Madeleine Dewolfe, photographs; Jan. 23-Feb. 10: Gallery One, Suzanne Funnell, Riduan Tomkins, Ron Shuebrook — paintings by faculty of NSCAD; Jan. 23-28, Gallery Two, Michael Shumiatcher; Gallery Three, Sean McQuay, paintings and sculpture. 1889 Granville St., 422-7381. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 5-9 p.m.

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. Jan. 5-Feb. 6, in the Main, Second Floor and Mezzanine Galleries: *American Accents*, courtesy of Rothmans of Pall Mall Canada. A major exhibition by 21 American artists from different backgrounds and regions, featuring 28 paintings and 11 sculptures by such well-known artists as Jasper Johns, Andy Warhol, Susan Rothenberg, Nancy Graves and Roy Lichtenstein. 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun. 12-5:30 p.m.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. To Jan. 29: Downstairs, *Visions and Victories: Canadian Women Artists 1914-1945*. This exhibit includes work by six painters (Emily Carr among them), and four sculptors. Upstairs, *Canadian Women Photographers 1841-1941*. This includes photo work by artists from P.E.I., Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. till 9 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. 12-5 p.m.

Dalhousie Art Gallery. To Jan. 29: *Visions of Paradise: The Art of the Oriental Carpet*. This display of about 60 oriental carpets includes examples from the Prescott House, Port Williams, collection, and others from private collections in Halifax, Montreal and Ottawa with emphasis on Caucasian, Persian and Turkoman carpets. Guest-curated by Dr. Hans-Günther Schwarz, Department of German, Dalhousie. Tours of the exhibition to be given Jan. 15, 22. Also, from the Sobey Art Foundation, a display of works by Group of Seven artists A. Y. Jackson, J.E.H. MacDonald and Frank Johnston, and their contemporary, Tom Thomson. Dalhousie campus, 424-2403. Hours: Tues., 11 a.m.-5 p.m. & 7-10 p.m.; Wed.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat.-Sun. 1-5 p.m.

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery. To Jan. 31: Fourth annual faculty/alumni, student and staff art exhibition. SMU campus, 429-9780. Hours: Tues., Wed., Thurs., 1-7 p.m. Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2-4 p.m.

CLUB DATES

Teddy's, piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. Jan. 2-28: Cathy Gallagher. Hours: Mon.-Sat. 9-1 a.m. Happy hour 5-7 p.m.

The Network Lounge, 1546 Dresden Row. Jan. 2-7: *Redline*; Jan. 9-14: *Working Class*; Jan. 16-18: *Boy's Brigade*; Jan. 23-25: *Twin Bullet Band*; Jan. 30-Feb. 1: *See Spot Run*. Hours: Mon.-Sat. till 2 a.m.

Privateers' Warehouse, Historic Properties. Middle Deck, Jan. 2-9, 9-14: *Mason Chapman Band*. Lower Deck, Jan. 3-7: *Ladies' Choice*; Jan. 10-14: Gerry McDaniel; Jan. 17-21: Alex Vaughn; Jan. 23-28: *Messenger*. Hours: Lower Deck, Mon.-Wed., 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11:30-12 a.m. Middle Deck, 11:30-2:30 a.m.

Little Nashville, 44 Alderney Drive, Dartmouth. All country. Jan. 2-8: *Gold Strikers*; Jan. 9-15: *The Good Ol' Boys*; Jan. 16-22: *Johnny Comfort*; Jan. 23-29: *Morn'n Sun*; Jan. 30-Feb. 5: *County Line*. Hours: Every night, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.

Misty Moon Cabaret, 3700 Kempt Road. Jan. 2-8: *Molly Oliver*; Jan. 9-15: *Rhiannon*; Jan. 16-22: Bryan Jones. All rock. Hours: Every night, 10 p.m.-3 a.m.

Pepe's Upstairs, 5680 Spring Garden Road. Jan. 9-14: *Easy St.*, Latin, jazz and salsa; Jan. 16-21: Peter Appleyard; Jan. 23-28: Amanda Ambrose; Jan. 30-Feb. 4: International guitar great Charlie Byrd. Dates subject to change; call Jazzline, 425-3331. Entertainment Mon.-Thurs. from 8 p.m.; Fri.-Sat. from 9 p.m.

Lord Nelson Beverage Room, 5675 Spring Garden Road. Jan. 2-7: Cape Breton folk singer Rita MacNeil; Jan. 9-14, 16-21: *McGinty*; Jan. 23-28, 30-Feb. 4: *Garrison Brothers*. Folk and country/bluegrass. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

Peddler's Pub, Lower level of Delta Barrington Hotel. Jan. 2-7: *Armageddon*; Jan. 9-14: *Rox*; Jan. 16-21: *Track*; Jan. 30-Feb. 4: *Intro*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Dartmouth Heritage Museum. In the Gallery, to Jan. 11: Oil and pencil works by Marion Bustin. Jan. 9-Jan. 29: Mixed media works by local artist Bernadette Vincent. 100 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2300.

Nova Scotia Museum. Jan. 7-25: *The Creative Tradition: Indian Handicrafts and Tourist Arts*. A travelling exhibit from the Alberta Provincial Museum. Program of events available on request. 1747 Summer St. For information call 429-4610.

MOVIES

Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema. 1588 Barrington St. Jan. 2-8: *Zelig*. Directed by and starring Woody Allen, this witty media probe follows the adventures of a man able to adopt the personality and physiognomy of whomever he encounters. USA, 1983. Jan. 9-12: *Andrei Rublev*. Soviet filmmaker Andrei Tarkovsky constructs eight imaginary episodes from the life

of the Russian icon painter, Roublev, journeying through the slaughter and desecration of the 1400s. The spectacular horrors of Roublev's world are offset by the film's many beautiful images. USSR, 1966. Jan. 13-19: *Napoleon*. This "lost masterpiece," whose form was as revolutionary as its subject, took director Abel Gance four years to make. With a cast of 40 and 6,000 extras, Gance intended the film to be the first of six parts. He only completed one; the film confines itself to Napoleon's school days, a glimpse of the Revolution and the crossing of the Alps for the first Italian Campaign. France, 1927/80, B&W. Jan. 20-22: *One and One*: Three of Swedish director Ingmar Bergman's most talented collaborators worked together on this hilarious and moving film about two intelligent, well-meaning people who are simply wrong for each other in every way. Sweden, 1978, subtitles. Jan. 23-26: *Mirror*. After the few side-screenings for delegates at the 1975 Moscow Film Festival, director Andrei Tarkovsky's film became a legend overnight. Officially condemned for being thematically "inaccessible" to general audiences, it is a montage of clear and poignant images from a painful, isolated childhood. USSR, 1974, subtitles. Jan. 27-Feb. 2: *The Return of Martin Guerre*. This winner of three French Academy Awards is the true story of a 16th century boy who marries, disappears, and returns a changed man. Though the question of his identity ended in a court case that scandalized France, the film hits nearer to being a 19th century romance than a study of 16th century peasant society. Directed by Daniel Vigne. France, 1983, subtitles. 7 and 9 p.m. most evenings. Call 422-3700.

National Film Board Theatre. 1572 Barrington St. Jan. 5-8: *The Bed Sitting Room*. Director Richard Lester's best effort is a sharp and deadly satire in the "atomic war is hell" vein. Seventeen-month-pregnant Rita Tushingham's parents are mutating into, respectively, a dressing cabinet and a parrot, while nobleman Ralph Richardson is turning into a bed-sitting room. With Spike Milligan, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. Great Britain, 1969. Jan. 11: *Comics and Humourists*. Includes *See You in the Funny Papers*, a portrait of Canadian cartoonist Lynn Johnston, creator of the comic strip, "For Better or for Worse"; *A Loud Bagatelle*, poet Earle Birney creating a soundpoem on film; *The Awful Fate of Melpomene Jones*, a humorous interpretation of the short story by Stephen Leacock; and *Melvin Arbuckle: Famous Canadian*, W. O. Mitchell narrating his own short story. Also: *Kate and Anna McGarrigle*. Director Caroline Leaf

uses a combination of animation and documentary techniques to create an easy-going mood in this informal portrait of the acclaimed singer-songwriters from Quebec. Highlights of the film include excerpts from their Carnegie Hall debut; a look at the songwriting/recording process, MacGarrigle style; and conversations with the sisters, their supporters, and their critics. Admission free. Jan. 12-15: *Phantom India*. Parts 1-4 Thurs. & Sat., parts 5-7 Fri. & Sun. Director Louis Malle's 6 1/2-hour, seven-part documentary of India is an enormous achievement, looking at religion, politics and art. Parts include "The Indians and the Sacred," a deep and

often moving episode on the endless varieties of religious practices in India; "On the Fringes of Society," a fascinating investigation of groups outside the mainstream; and "Bombay — the Future India," a look at the booming, contradictory city ruled by the Parsees, which is filled with industry and slums, and is rigidly prohibitionist, yet contains one of the world's biggest red-light districts. Special admission of \$4 for the entire film. India/France, 1967-68. Jan. 18: *After the Big One*. A Prairie Region Production directed by Bob Lower depicting nuclear war on the prairies. Also, *No More Hibakusha!* Director Martin Duckworth's moving portrait



Gerry Parsons 6 am-10 am



Gail Rice 10 am-2 pm



Clary Stubbert 2 pm-6 pm



Tony Beech 6 pm-1 am Sat.
6 pm-11 pm Sun.

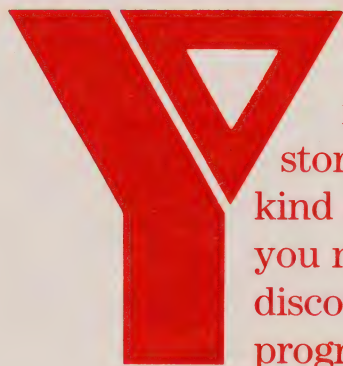
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GOLD RIBBON RADIO

CFDR 68

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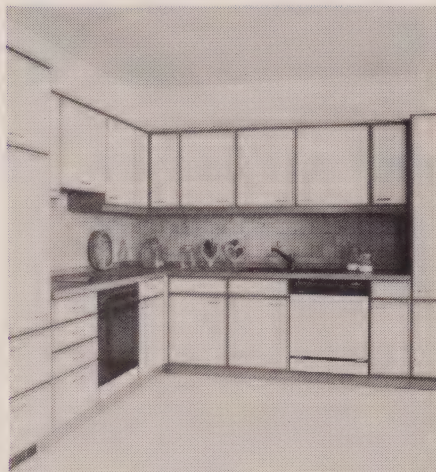
of atomic bomb survivors from Hiroshima and Nagasaki as they prepare to journey to New York for United Nations disarmament demonstration of June, 1982. Jan. 19-22: *Diary of a Chambermaid*. Director Luis Bunuel's most political film transposes the setting of Octave Mirbeau's decadent novel of French upper classes from the turn of the century to 1928, a time when French Facism was gathering the force which would ultimately permit the collapse of the Third Republic, and the Nazi occupation. A Parisian chambermaid quits her post to take a job in the manor house of a large provincial estate which proves to be a hotbed of political reaction and sexual pathology. France, 1964. Jan. 25: *The Day We Beat the Russians*. The three Warwick brothers, now in middle age, reminisce about 1955 when, as members of the Penticton Vees hockey team, they won the World Hockey Championship in West Germany. Also, *Thunderbirds in China*. Young Vancouver hockey players travel to China, a journey that leads them to an understanding of East and West. Admission free. Jan. 26-29: *On The Beach*. Based on the novel by Nevil Shute, this Stanley Kramer-directed story of post-atomic war Australia doesn't quite stay together as a potent whole despite some striking individual sequences and performances. USA, 1959. Also, *Fail Safe*. This is an adaptation of the Eugene Wheeler novel in which a SAC plane is accidentally ordered to bomb Moscow. With Henry Fonda, directed by Sidney Lumet. USA, 1964. Check show times and prices, 422-3700.

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Dalhousie Arts Centre. Jan 8: *The Year of Living Dangerously*. Possibly the best film of 1983, Peter Weir's magnificently controlled mixture of politics and passion is both a play of shadows and an icy indictment of political journalism during the Indonesian civil war of 1965. Australia, 1983. Jan. 15: *The Wrong Box*. Two elderly Victorian brothers are the last survivors of the tontine; one brother will kill to win. Performed to perfection by a who's who of British cinema: Peter Sellers, Dudley Moore, John Mills, Michael Caine, Peter Cook and Ralph Richardson. Britain, 1966. Jan. 22: *Angelo, My Love*. A high-spirited lark of a movie, moving and funny, the result is another perceptive confident work directed by Robert Duvall. Official 1983 Cannes Film Festival selection USA, 1983. Jan. 29: *Britannia Hospital*. Lindsay Anderson's furiously misanthropic satire does for the Eighties what his *O Lucky Man* did for the Seventies. With Malcolm MacDowell. Britain, 1983.

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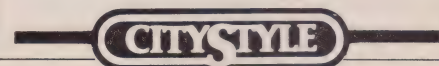


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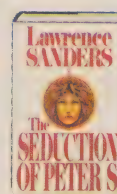
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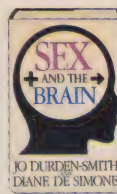
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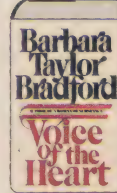


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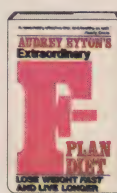


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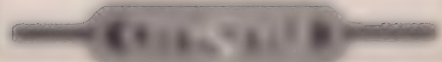


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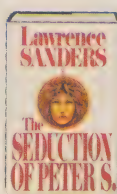
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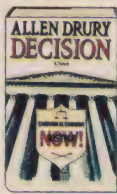
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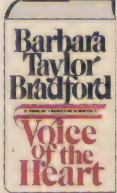


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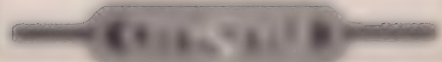
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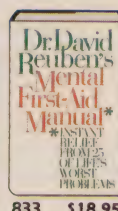
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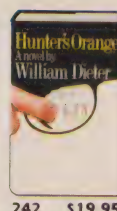
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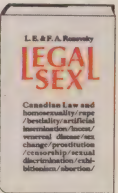
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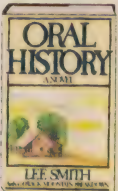
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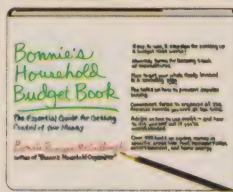
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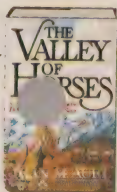
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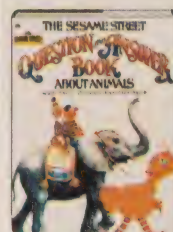
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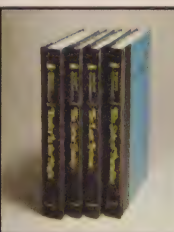
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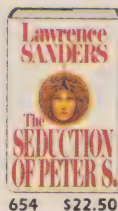
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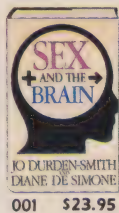
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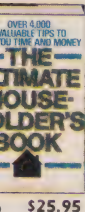
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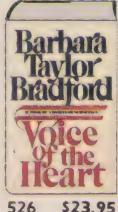


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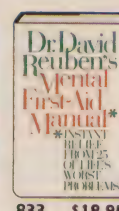


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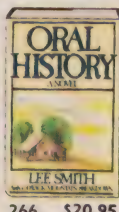


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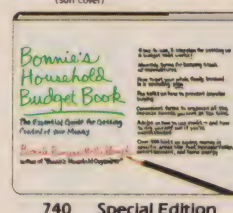
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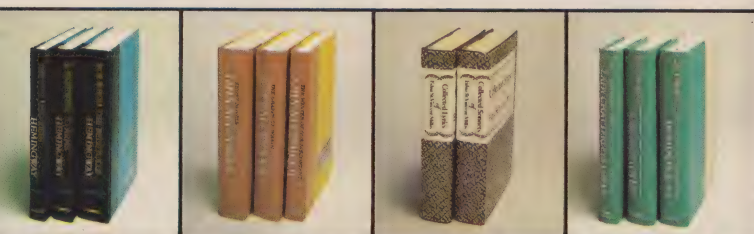
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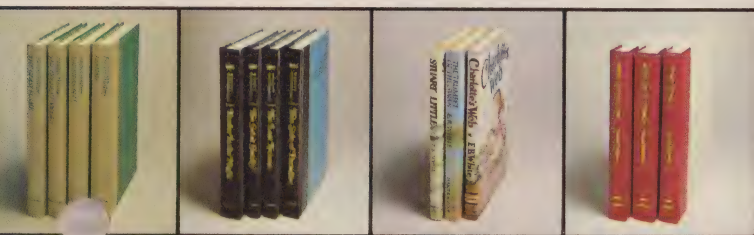
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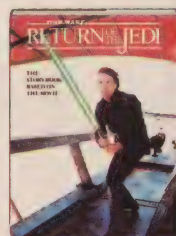
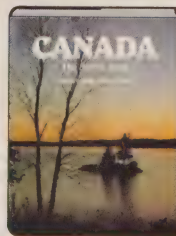
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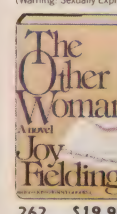
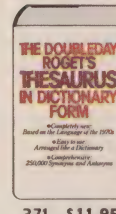
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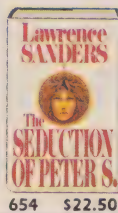
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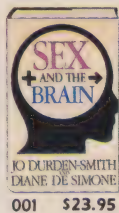
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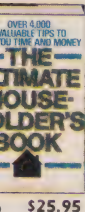
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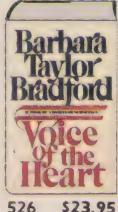


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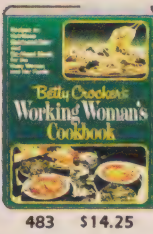
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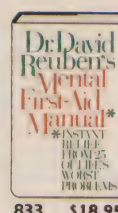


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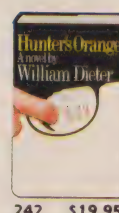
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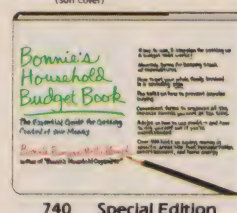
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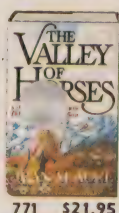
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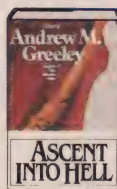
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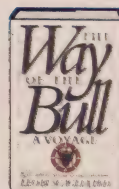
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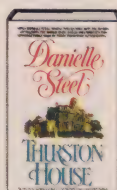
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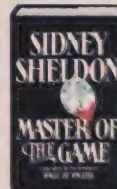
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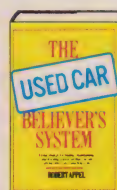
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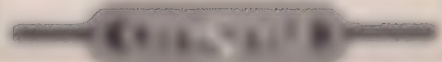
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SPORTS

Hockey. *Nova Scotia Voyageurs* play: Moncton, Jan. 5; Fredericton, Jan. 14; Maine, Jan. 25; Sherbrooke, Jan. 27; Adirondack, Jan. 28. Call 429-7600 for game times. *Metro Centre*, 5284 Duke St. *Midget League*, Jan. 1, 2: Forbes Chevys vs. Nova; Jan. 14, 15: Chevys vs Fundy; Jan. 28, 29: Chevys vs Moncton. *N.S. Senior League*: Mounties play: Jan. 8, 15, 22, 29. *City of Lakes Hockey Tournament*: Jan. 20-22. Dartmouth Sportsplex, 110 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2600. *Dalhousie Tigers* play: Jan. 13, UNB; Jan. 14, Mount A.; Jan. 15, St. Thomas; Jan. 25, St. FX; Jan. 28, UPEI. *Dalhousie Arena* game times vary.

Squash. Jan. 13-15: Dalhousie University Invitational. Dalplex, Dal Campus. Jan. 20-22: Junior Coke/Hostess Circuit. Burnside Athletic Club, Dartmouth. For information call 425-5420.

Basketball. (Men's) Dalhousie Tigers play: Jan. 10, Saint Mary's; Jan. 13, UPEI; Jan. 14, UNB (at Metro Centre); Jan. 24, Acadia (at Metro Centre). Jan. 27: Nova Scotia Stars Exhibition. (Women's) Dalhousie Tigers play: Jan. 10, Saint Mary's; Jan. 13, UPEI; Jan. 14, St. FX; Jan. 17, Acadia, Jan. 27, UNB. Dalplex, Dal campus.

Volleyball. (Men's) Jan. 20-22: Dalhousie Classic Tournament. Jan. 25: University of Victoria Exhibition. (Women's) Jan. 7: AUAU Tournament, Dalhousie Tigers play: Jan. 6, 11, exhibition games; Jan. 27, St. FX; Jan. 28, Moncton. Dalplex, Dal campus.

Swimming. Jan. 8: Third annual Dalhousie Swim Classic; Jan. 14, 15: AUAU Invitational Meet. Dalhousie Tigers meet: Jan. 6, Acadia. Dalplex, Dal campus.

THEATRE

Neptune Theatre. Jan. 1, 3-8: Nova Scotia playwright John Gray's *You Better Watch Out, You Better Not Die*. This is a new comedy/mystery about murder and Santa Claus by the "hottest creative talent in Canadian theatre," John Gray, creator of *Billy Bishop Goes to War* and the new hit *Rock and Roll*. Jan. 20-22, 24-29, 31: *The Sea Horse*. The *New York Post* described this love story by Edward J. Moore as "a burst of brilliance." *The Sea Horse* is set in a coastal waterfront bar where rough, tough proprietress Gertie Blum holds off the advances of Harry Bales, a sailor whose love for her won't take no for an answer.

Nova Dance Theatre. Jan. 26, 27, 28: The group performs three new works: Jennifer Mascal's *House Pets*; and Francine Boucher's *Enthusiasmos*

and a yet untitled piece. Also, the six-member company will present a reconstruction of artistic director Jeanne Robinson's *Moving Right Along*. Sir James Dunn Theatre, Dalhousie Arts Centre. For information call 423-6809.

Symphony Nova Scotia. Main series. Jan. 14: The symphony performs Symonds, Mava; Paganini, Violin Concerto; Dvorák, Symphony No. 8. Pop Series. Jan. 25: The symphony performs from the Mantovani Library. An evening of light classics and film scores. Chamber music series. Jan. 6: Saint-Saëns, *Carnival of the Animals*; Ibert, *Divertissement*. Jan. 19: String quartet, to be announced; Britten,

Sinfonietta. All concerts at 8 p.m., Sir James Dunn Theatre, Dalhousie Arts Centre. For information call 421-7311.

Halifax Chamber Musicians. The Gallery Series. Jan. 22: The group performs Beethoven, Sonata No. 3 in A, Op 69 for cello and piano; Weinzwieg, String Quartet No. 2; Chausson, Concerto, Op. 21, for piano, violin and string quartet. Saint Mary's University Art Gallery, 8 p.m. For information call 429-9780.

Musica Antiqua. Jan. 21, 22: Dalhousie's early music group performs Matthew Locke's masque, *Cupid and Death*. Sir James Dunn Theatre, Dalhousie Arts Centre, 8 p.m. For information call 424-2418.



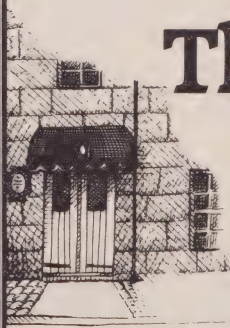
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CITYSTYLE

"I must get out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini"

More and more Haligonians are at last discovering the wisdom of this immortal statement by New York author Alexander Woollcott. And why not? It rains here, too, and there's no shortage of gin

When I came to Halifax, I met no martini drinkers. In Toronto, I'd grown accustomed to martinis at the famous roof bar in the Park Plaza Hotel, where I'd regularly gather with cohorts. We'd address the waiters by name, exchange gossip, smash back martinis, and imagine there was a bit of New York in our style. Toronto thought of itself as a big-league city, but it had a bush-league admiration for New York. Halifax had no pretensions. It was a black-rum and draft-beer town, plain and simple. Martinis were for girls, sissies and spendthrifts.

All that's changing. Shaun Clarke, the compact, competent and philosophical bartender at the Halifax Press Club, says many Haligonian tipplers have switched to good scotch and the king of cocktails, the martini. ("The finest of all cocktails," says Michael Jackson in *The Pocket Bartender's Guide* which, at \$8.50 is worth roughly two, large, bar-bought martinis. "Subtle, potent, and a wonderful aperitif, it even has good looks.")

Clarke wonders if the arrival of the triple-martini lunch — once the basic fact of cartoons in the *New Yorker*, *Playboy* and *Esquire* — doesn't mean that Halifax has at last "come of age" as an urban environment for sophisticated boozers. Research might reveal that the martini cult's recent foothold is a result of new affluence, and may even be related to euphoria over offshore oil and gas. Calgary doubtless experienced a massive surge in martini-drinking a few years ago. In any event, some Dalhousie economics student might consider writ-

ing a doctoral thesis on *Increases in Martini Consumption as an Indicator of Income Increments and Rising Expectations in the Halifax-Dartmouth Metropolitan Area*.

"Martinis, oh boy!"

Trader Vic writes in *Trader Vic's Bartender's Guide*.

"More things are put out and called a martini than there are beans in all of Heinz's cans."

lemon "and/or stuffed olive." You never put both lemon peel and an olive in a martini. Moreover, a martini olive is not stuffed. It's a hard, little green fellow with the pit intact.

You should know such things if you're going to move with Halifax's martini crowd. You should also know that anything called a "sweet mar-



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

Shaun Clarke, philosophical bartender at the Halifax Press Club

Trader Vic then utters a foul heresy: "A martini is strictly how you want to make it, or how your customer wants you to make it." That's like saying there's no correct way to tie a knot, cook baked Alaska, or build a ship's model. Having suggested you make a martini any old way you want, Trader Vic confesses that he's never been able to make a good one. This won't surprise any serious martini-drinker who examines Trader Vic's half-dozen martini recipes. Most specify too much vermouth and too little gin, and one actually urges the addition of a twist of

mini" or a "special sweet martini" or even a "medium-dry martini" is an abomination in which the vermouth is so repulsively dominant that the use of the word "martini" is fraudulent, and should be declared a criminal offence. No martini fit to drink can possibly be anything other than exceedingly dry, which means its vermouth content is a matter of droplets or residue rather than ounces. Most cookbooks and, indeed, many bartenders' manuals tell you that a "dry" martini consists of three or four parts of gin to one part vermouth. That's monumental misadvice. As

proof that you shouldn't believe everything you see in print, it ranks with the federal government's recommending you insulate your house with urea formaldehyde. The best martini recipe I've read is in *The Pocket Bartender's Guide*, and it calls for "1 whisper dry vermouth, 1 avalanche London dry gin, a touch of orange bitters (optional), lemon zest." A martini must always be as dry as those that once inspired a nightclub comic to rave happily that they made him piss dust.

The crucial delicacy of the vermouth-gin relationship has spawned a martini folklore, legends that invariably stress how little influence the vermouth must be allowed to exert. Some bartenders, it is said, do no more than open the vermouth bottle and wave it above the container of gin and ice, because the gin needs only a whiff. Others never even open the vermouth, but make sure the gin bottle resides in its shadow on the bar-room shelf. Still others merely bow in the direction of France, birthplace of dry vermouth, while stirring the gin and ice. One such bartender, upon his retirement, finally revealed the secret of his fabulously dry martinis: No vermouth. For decades, he'd been basking in accolades for serving cold gin and an olive in an elegant glass and calling the concoction a martini. It was in fact a lot closer to being a martini than any mixture of three parts gin plus one part vermouth.

Martini trivia begins with the fact that the drink does not take its name from vermouth-producers Martini and Rossi of Turin, Italy. They do make a dry vermouth that's perfectly acceptable in martinis, but the drink in fact gets its name from a Mr. Martini, a bartender at the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York. He invented the martini for John D. Rockefeller around 1910. Mr. Martini used a French vermouth, not Italian. Just to confuse matters, books on bartending sometimes call dry vermouth "French" and Italian vermouth "sweet" when, in fact, both countries produce both vermouths. All you have to remember is

never to serve a martini with sweet vermouth to a serious martini-drinker, unless you enjoy having drinks spewed on your person.

Gin is distilled from fermented cereals and flavored with juniper berries. It originated in Holland and you can still buy Holland gin but, for martinis and other mixed drinks, you want one of the several varieties of London gin in the gin section of your friendly, neighborhood liquor store. Gordon's is fine but perhaps a trace too flavorful for some martini-drinkers. Beefeater and Tanqueray are drier. Each has a following, but Halifax bars that regard martini-making with due reverence tend to favor Beefeater. In certain establishments — Henry House for one, the Newsroom for another — a martini automatically means a Beefeater martini. If you don't know the house martini-policy, it's a good idea to specify the gin you want. And vermouth? Well, it says here in *The Pocket Bartender's Guide* that vermouth is not only "the ultimate in treated wine" but also the "ultimate in complicated herbal recipes." Camomile is an important ingredient of dry vermouth, but so are "Chinese rhubarb, iris root, quinine, citrus peels and at least 150 others." I prefer Noilly Prat.

John Doxat may well be the first author in the world to write an entire book (*Stirred — Not Shaken*) about one cocktail, and he has a marvellously extravagant way of subduing the vermouth flavor. First, he half-fills a mixing glass with big ice cubes. Second, he dumps in four ounces of vermouth, and lets it reach the bottom of the glass. Third, he pours it down his sink. That's right, he throws out the vermouth. It has served its exalted purpose. Some of it clings to the ice. Doxat then pours over the ice at least two ounces of London dry gin per serving, stirs for 30 seconds, strains the liquid into chilled glasses. (You do *not* shake a martini.) The final touch is to squeeze a sliver of lemon, skin side down, over each drink. This causes a fine spray of oil, the "zest," to appear on the surface. Doxat

figures the gin-to-vermouth ratio in his martinis is roughly eleven to one.

The moment I finished reading his method, I rushed to the Newsroom. It serves up exquisite martinis containing four ounces of Beefeater gin plus a "whisper" of Noilly Prat. I'd never asked bar manager Paul Boulais how he made martinis but thought he might now enjoy hearing about Doxat's ludicrously wasteful technique. First, however, I asked him why his martinis were among the driest in

chilled but without ice. I, however, am a member of the reform movement, which prefers ice cubes in martinis. The standard command of us reformers is, "An extra-dry, Beefeater martini, on the rocks, with a twist of lemon, please." This is hard on young waitresses who, while walking to the bar, cannot keep all those specifications in their pretty heads. Once you've found a spot that makes your martini properly, it is therefore wise to patronize it so regularly that the moment you arrive



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

Boulais of the Newsroom: "I just throw out the vermouth"

town. "Well, you see that metal container over there," he said. "I put some ice in it, and then I take about two ounces of vermouth, and I let it trickle through the ice to the bottom. Then I just throw out the vermouth, but there's a residue left on the ice and that's all you need. I put in the gin, and stir it for maybe 30 seconds." So the Doxat method was no joke. It was *the* method. No wonder Newsroom martinis cost \$4.50 and no wonder they're so good.

Orthodox martini-drinkers order martinis "straight up," meaning

for lunch the bartender will reach for the Beefeater bottle. The Little Stone Jug in Henry House was exactly such a place when a certain Mrs. Burke was bartender.

She wore glasses and had a friendly, motherly manner with no trace of big-city slick. She came from Drumhead, a tiny village way down the Eastern Shore. Drumhead is not everyone's idea of a spawning ground for master martini-makers, but Burke's extra-dry-martinis-on-the-rocks-with-a-twist-of-lemon were as good as any I ever tasted at the Park Plaza. She

looked like a woman who might be secretive about her recipe for cranberry bread. She was in fact a woman who was secretive about her recipe for martinis. In a fit of image-changing, or whatever, Henry House laid off Burke. The Little Stone Jug still serves a first-class, four-ounce martini for a mere \$3.95, but a bit of the personality has gone out of the place.

You can make a martini on the rocks that's up to Burke's standards without treating vermouth as garbage. You might simply dip the cubes in the vermouth, saving it for repeat performances. "I like to use a big, round, heavy, lead-crystal tumbler," Halifax lawyer David Mann confided. "I jam it with big cubes of ice. I rub a sliver of lemon round the lip of the glass, and then drop it in. I fill the glass with Beefeater gin, and pour in maybe half a capful of dry vermouth. I also like to add a drop of scotch. I have a perception that the scotch adds smoothness." Mann recommends martinis constructed by Mario Vuotto, proprietor of LaScala, and those served by Teddy's bar at Barrington Place, Henry House, and the Newsroom. The Newsroom, however, serves on-the-rocks martinis in champagne glasses with stems: "The glass drives me nuts. I find I have to ask them to put the martini in a tumbler."

"I like to put in a drop or two of scotch because it seems to add smoothness," said Bill Belliveau, ad man and founding publisher of *Atlantic Insight*. "Where'd you ever get that idea?" I asked. "David Mann told me," he replied. Martini-drinkers are a clubby bunch, and generous with their expertise. "Some guys mix their martinis the day before and let them get really cold in the refrigerator," Belliveau said. I do not recommend this practice because, as Bernard De Voto so poetically put it 33 years ago, "you can no more keep a martini in the refrigerator than you can keep a kiss there. The proper union of gin and vermouth is a great and sudden glory; it is one of the happiest marriages on earth and one of the shortest-lived." — **The Guzzler**

This lady is "One heck of a Person"

Marie Nita Hamilton, award-winning do-gooder, is coy about her age, but since one of her six children is 41 and she was married 45 years ago, she's probably almost as old as some of the elderly Persons she spends so much of her time helping. Hamilton is herself so remarkable a Person that, at a recent ceremony in Ottawa, she was one of five women to receive a Person's Award from Gov.-Gen. Ed Schreyer. This was no trifling honor. Since the award was invented in 1979, only 27 women have won it. Hamilton is only the second Maritimer ever to get the award. The first was Muriel Duckworth, also of Halifax, whose involvement in women's issues goes back half a century.

The Persons Awards are an annual reminder that, thanks to five Alberta women ("the famous five"), amendments to the British North America Act in 1929 granted women the status of "persons" and the legal right to become senators. That wouldn't have been too long before a North End kid named Marie Waldron began to run after-school errands for two old women on Agricola Street. Her mother was "sickly," and she had to work nights to help out, but she found it satisfying to ease the lives of those who were even worse off than she was. Those little errands became a consuming habit of community service, a habit that decades later, Hamilton still hasn't shaken.

Her mother was a Haligonian, her father a Barbadian sailor who, after settling in Halifax, ran his own gold-

smith's shop near the little Dutch church on Brunswick Street. The family was big but some of her brothers and sisters died before she was born. She attended North End schools, in which a different teacher handled each grade but, after graduating from normal school, found herself as the sole teacher in a ramshackle, one-room schoolhouse in North Preston. She was 19, and, "I walked into that one big room, and there was a stove, and all the children were looking at me. Somebody said, 'Now here's your new teacher, boys and girls,' and I wondered what to say. So I just said, 'Let us bow our heads and pray.' The Lord's Prayer. That was our start." She taught eight grades.

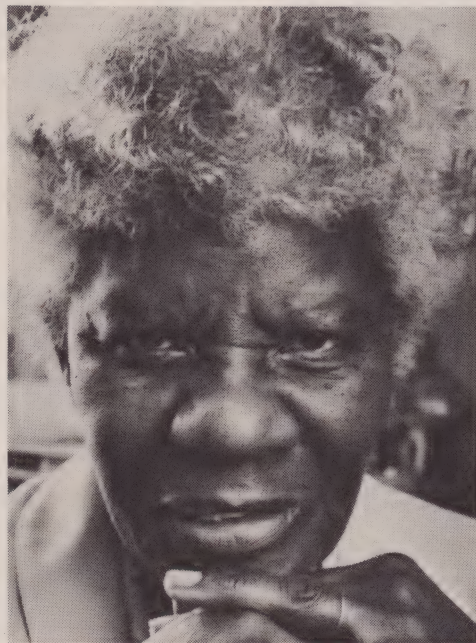
Within months, "just

when I felt I could earn enough money to help my mother, she died... I continued on from there. I knew she'd have wanted that." Hamilton taught in one-room schools not only in the Preston area, but also in Beechville, Hammonds Plains and Cherry Brook; and it was therefore appropriate that at a recent party for her at the North End Branch Li-

brary she received *The One-Room School in Canada* by Jean Cochrane. Hamilton knew all about one-room schools, but wasn't nostalgic about them. Consolidation, she thought, had been a good thing. Throughout her teaching years, her obsession was to improve education in the black communities of Halifax County.

She married a bricklayer and cement-finisher (he died 10 years ago), and they raised three sons and three daughters at their own house in Beechville. "I always told my children," she says, "You may be poor, but never feel

inferior. Stand up and be counted. And *learn*. Get your education. Then you'll be able to help others.' " Her son Wayne, who studied at both Dalhousie and Brock University in Ontario, is now with Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO), helping others in Nigeria. Her own record as a helper of others has won her so many awards that, while sitting in her second-floor apartment in a wooden house on Russell near Robie, she says, "I've got them all over the place." She's not boastful, just amazed to have medals from two governors-general (Jules Léger gave her one for community work on the 25th anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne), and "a whole slew" of certificates, citations and scrolls from



Marie Hamilton: Taking the time to care

grateful institutions.

After Hamilton quit teaching in schools, she worked as a house parent in the Halifax Protestant Orphanage, Veith Street. The orphanage closed but her program expanded into the services now provided by the Veith House community centre. While working there, Hamilton went back to school — as a student. She studied early childhood education at Mount Saint Vincent, and parlayed that training plus her experience at Veith House into a job as co-ordinator of a course that prepares women

for running pre-school programs. So she's teaching again, but this time she's teaching teachers.

She's also on the examining board of the Child Development Studies Program for the Nova Scotia Teachers College. She's also a founder of the Halifax North End Volunteers for Seniors. She's also a stalwart of the North End Library Women's Group. She's also treasurer of the National Anti-Poverty Organization (NAPO), a post that regularly takes her up to Ottawa. She's also helping to organize a Halifax chapter of NAPO. What else has she done? Well, she used to be a school trustee, an executive of the Congress of Black Women of Nova Scotia, and for more than 30 years, she's been the clerk for Beechville Baptist Church. She's involved herself in the causes of both the Health Coalition and the Black Cultural Society of Nova Scotia; and, somehow, she sets aside two mornings a week to teach reading and writing to illiterate adults. She is, in short, one heck of a Person.

A trim, graceful woman, her goodness seems almost tangible. She speaks softly, her manner is gentle, and the title she suggested for this article is a perfect expression of her personality: "Take time to care." Only when talk of racial prejudice arises does her mildness dissolve in anger. She tells a story. She was in a taxi. The radio was on. Her daughter Sylvia, a professional broadcaster, completed a newscast, and the white driver amiably remarked on the fine quality of the report. "That was my daughter," Hamilton happily replied. The driver turned, stared at her in disbelief, sneered, "You gotta be kidding." She did not tip him, you may be sure.

The memory of that moment still rankles. "I told him I sure wasn't kidding when I had her," she said. "I knew she was my daughter, and I knew what she could do. I knew what so many of our black race could do." She ought to have known. She'd helped more of them do it than even she will ever be able to remember.

— Harry Bruce

Dear Doris: I have this friend...

Having problems with your brother-in-law, neighbor, employer? Doris Maley's mediation service may be able to help you

A man lends his newly married cousin several hundred dollars, expecting to be paid back after the honeymoon. The groom has other ideas: He considers the money a wedding gift and has no plans to give it back. How does the poor lender get his cash back without starting a family feud?

In this case, he calls Doris Maley, a former Halifax alderman who runs a new Dear Abby-type service for Metro residents. Organized by the Institute of Public Affairs at Dalhousie University, it's designed to iron out neighborhood, business and family disputes without the intervention of social workers or



Maley provides "community safety valve" lawyers.

"It's very akin to what I did before I was an alderman," says Maley, 44, who worked as a nurse and social worker before becoming one of Halifax's most outspoken aldermen for five years. "It's a place where people in conflict can dis-

cuss their disputes before things get too much to handle. Sometimes shouting at people isn't the best way to solve problems."

Maley says her service — called the Community Mediation Network — acts like a "community safety valve" for irritations too minor to take to court: People who allow their dog to bark incessantly. The kids down the street who knock down fences. The neighbor who never shovels snow from his side of the driveway.

The Case of the Wedding Loan-Gift was solved after one of the Network's 16 volunteers arranged an informal talk between the two men. The volunteer mediator acted as a sounding board, keeping the conversation to the point without judging who was right or wrong. During the 90-minute session, the men agreed to a repayment schedule; as a follow-up, the mediator called both sides about a month later to make sure that everyone was still happy.

"We try to provide another ear that can, perhaps, hear things that someone closer can't hear," Maley says. Sometimes one side in a dispute won't talk, and there's nothing a mediator can do. But often just airing a complaint opens the way to a solution. "Mediation depends on speaking to one another," Maley says. "We're not going to really cure conflict, but we do help people reach a reasonable and acceptable solution on their own."



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The organization won't handle legal disputes, criminal matters, landlord-tenant complaints or management-union spats. Such matters are best left to professionals, Maley says. But social workers and lawyers aren't the answer for every conflict. Many social aid programs have fallen victim to government cutbacks; courts are expensive and often escalate a minor nuisance into a big fight.

"The legal process puts people in conflict into an adversarial position. We try to avoid that. You don't know your neighbor any better after you take him to court."

Grant MacDonald of the Institute of Public Affairs, who helped organize the

mediation service, says the institute saw it as a way of educating adults on community issues. If a homeowner is at odds with a developer planning a new building that could detract from the neighborhood, mediation "is one way to approach the problem," he says.

With seed money from the feds and Dalhousie, plus \$65,000 in operating grants from two Canadian charities, institute staff began the Network last April — the third non-profit mediation service in Canada (the two others are in Ontario). When Maley was hired last summer to administer the mediation office, the institute began looking for volunteer mediators — ordinary citizens interested in helping people solve prob-

lems. The first crop of 16, who range from university students to a retired military officer, received 23 hours' instruction in problem-solving and mediation skills.

Most have some social work training, but MacDonald says that isn't really necessary. "We are looking for people who have a wide variety of life experiences. Men, women, young adults and seniors — people who are a reflection of their community. We don't want to rely on experts."

Maley calls mediation "creative problem solving" that's based on an idea that "probably goes back before Solomon's time." Throughout history, most cultures have evolved simple but effective ways of handling petty disputes. There was always someone — a respected elder, a benevolent town magistrate — who could work things out. But in 20th-century North America, with people on the move and families unravelling, such a friendly mediator is hard to find. Neighbors aren't as neighborly as they used to be. Sometimes they don't even know each other's names.

In the United States, the strain of living among strangers has taken an evident toll. "With so many guns in the States, neighborhood disputes can escalate into something quite terrible," Maley says. "Tension tends to come out with a big bang." To defuse such backyard crises, some American agencies set up neighborhood "justice centres" in the Seventies, where people could settle minor conflicts. Now more than 200 exist in the U.S.

Maley says it's too early to say who benefits most from community mediation. So far, her office, in an old house on the Dal campus, has seen more family disputes than anything else. Most are resolved before going through the full mediation procedure — meeting in the presence of a volunteer, working out a written agreement. "People often phone us just to find out how to approach a problem," she says. "Asking us for feedback, some sort of strategy. That seems to be a little more acceptable to them, so they can deal with the problem themselves. That means we spend a lot of time on the phone, but we don't get much practice at mediation."

Maley predicts that the new service will mean fewer court cases, fewer calls to police and social agencies and more respect among neighbors. She hopes that it will teach kids "how to solve disputes in a civilized manner." And she believes it will help her former colleagues at city hall. "For aldermen, I would think this is an ideal place to send people, and that's already happened." For aldermen, she says, the mediation service should be familiar territory. "Aldermen tend to sit on the fence a lot, and they get a lot of practice in mediation."

— John Mason

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CITYFORUM

Changes on Gottingen Street

As a participant in the meetings held between the Halifax City Market Vendors Association and the City, I must protest the poor reporting of John Mason in *Doing the Farmers' Shuffle* (*CityStyle*, September). The City did not tell the vendors that the Heinisch Building was the only property they could use, but that it was the only property they had available for a permanent home. There was no secrecy involved in the City's purchase of the property. The news was all over the *Chronicle-Herald* and *Mail-Star*, complete with artist's conception, for days. The Heinisch store was a high-quality establishment for over 50 years, and a pool hall for less than 10. The merchants of our street have invested their own dollars to revitalize the area. The Gottingen Street Mr. Mason spoke of so disparagingly may have deserved the bad reputation in the past. But the street is evolving into a very special place, and the article is a slap in the face for all those working so hard to bring about changes.

Maria D. Trumbach,
Manager
Gottingen Street Area
Merchants Association
Halifax, N.S.

No comedy in these errors

Stephen Kimber's article about the *Daily News* in November's *CityStyle* is an unbelievable litany of errors. For example: It was my wife, Joyce, who ran the circulation department; I looked after advertising. I have never sold real estate in Australia. I did not think the idea of the paper was "dumb"; I was excited about it from the beginning. We bought the duplex in 1974 (not 1975), and we were *not* in violation of the zoning regulations. These are only a few of the 19 errors of fact squeezed into one short piece. I have an impression of Stephen sitting behind a typewriter one day thinking, "Who shall I speculate on today?" Did he never get his telephone installed so he could call the people he reports on? None of the directors of the *Daily News* is hard to find. We are all listed in the Halifax area directory. If I buy something in a store which turns out to be faulty, then I go back and ask for a refund or exchange. Maybe *Atlantic Insight* should go back to Stephen Kimber's courtesy desk and do the same.

Patrick Sims
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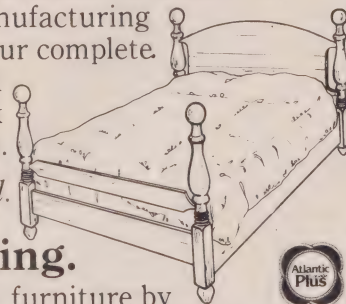
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This courtroom fullback's on the move

Some say Craig Garson, 25, is already as good as any criminal lawyer in town

Just before dawn one day last March, 23-year-old Robert Travers crouched between two cars behind the Halifax police station, clutched a rifle and waited. When Constable Wayne Currie walked by, Travers fired from point blank range, narrowly missing the patrolman. An open and shut case of attempted murder? Not to Craig Garson, a young Halifax lawyer. At trial in September, Garson meticulously built a defence based on another possibility: Travers, bent on suicide, went to the police station not to kill, but to be killed. After eight hours of deliberation, a weary jury admitted it was hopelessly deadlocked on the attempted murder charge.

Not one to shun publicity, Garson stopped outside court to explain the outcome to reporters under the glare of television lights. As always, his manner was polished, controlled, confident. He knew that the hung jury was a victory for the defence. Leaving the courtroom, he turned to a passenger on the elevator and observed, "I must have done something right."

Garson's confident self-assessment was a bit premature in this case — Travers was found guilty on retrial in December — but his track record remains impressive: One acquittal, three hung juries ("That's not guilty to me," he says) and three clients convicted. Last February, he successfully argued a point of criminal law in the Supreme Court of Canada. His partnership in a two-man Halifax firm is lucrative — witness the BMW he drives, the century-old house he owns in central Halifax, and his passion for collecting expensive antiques. But Garson is only 25, and he has done it all in just one year of practising law. "In times that are tough for graduates to get even good articling positions," notes a former classmate admiringly, "Craig, with lightning speed, went right to being a prosperous partner."

Ask anyone around the Halifax Law Courts to describe Garson and they use

the words brash, aggressive, irreverent, gutsy. He's always ready with a joke, forever chatting up lawyers, prosecutors, court clerks and reporters. Garson acts the part of a young man on the move, and he's making a name for himself.

"He's learned a lot in a year and he learns fast," says Butch Fiske, a senior solicitor with the provincial Attorney General's Department. Fiske, who has argued criminal appeals against virtually every defence lawyer in the city, feels Garson is already "as good as any of them." Felix Cacchione, a criminal lawyer who's been in the business eight years, calls Garson's aggressive style the "fullback approach" to law: "You just put your head down and crash through the line."

"It's like football in a way," Garson



DAVID NICHOLS

Garson: "This is where I wanted to be" says, talking law in his office on the Halifax waterfront a few weeks after the Travers trial. "You have to form some type of defence, then decide how can I score points? . . . The big difference is, in criminal trials, the law says your client is innocent until proven guilty. It spots you a touchdown."

The comparison is appropriate because Garson had to choose between football and the law. He was born in Detroit, Mich., but, from the age of two, he grew up in Halifax, the oldest of three children of middle-class Jewish parents. His mother, Ruth Garson, says the family was "notorious for lawyers" (four cousins are in law), but Craig's first love was football. Small at five-foot-nine but a stocky 175 pounds, he played two years of college ball in the States as a

running back while completing an undergraduate degree in arts. After graduating in 1979, he signed a one-year contract with the Canadian Football League's Montreal franchise, but quit after three weeks in training camp. He decided the physical punishment and brief career prospects of big-league football weren't for him. "The smartest thing I ever did," he says in retrospect.

He started law school at Dalhousie that fall and quickly showed an aptitude for courtroom litigation. "Craig has an innate feel for facts," says one of his former professors, Brian Crocker, and "a case is won or lost on the facts." But it was a local murder case that sold Garson on criminal law. While his classmates were studying for second-year exams, he sat in on the trial of George Herbert Cooper, who stood charged with beating an 86-year-old man to death with a hammer. It was Garson's first taste of the excitement and strategy of the courtroom. "There was no question in my mind, after watching that go on," he says. "This is where I wanted to be."

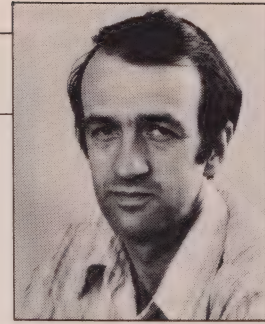
That summer he landed an articling job with lawyer Lance Scaravelli, his present partner, who was impressed with Garson's drive and persistence. "He was the only guy without a résumé and an appointment," Scaravelli recalls. "He just kept coming back." Garson cut classes to stay on as part-time legal researcher during his third year of law school, but he claims the practical experience boosted his marks. He graduated in May, 1982, 37th in a class of 150.

An avid reader of books on the tactics of the great American lawyers, Garson spent the following month in New Jersey observing a murder trial conducted by James Merberg, a Boston attorney. Merberg, an associate of the famous F. Lee Bailey, was "so clever, so quick, so sincere" in his presentation to the jury, Garson explains, "it was like he was arguing the case in his living room." Returning to Halifax, Garson was admitted to the bar in November, 1982, and set out to adapt the flamboyant, free-wheeling American approach to the more formal Canadian court system, where flowing black gowns still predominate.

Garson certainly seems at home in front of a jury. Long hours of preparation leave him so familiar with the facts, he can argue a case almost off the cuff. He's free to inject a little drama into the proceedings, something he relishes. "To me it's just excitement," he says of the courtroom. "It's where the action is." How will the Garson brand of flashy, aggressive defence work fare in Nova Scotia? "If he plays his cards properly," Cacchione predicts, "he can probably be one of the better criminal trial lawyers in the province."

— Dean Jobb

Let's hear it for Newfoundland's separatists



If they're at all successful, they'll be doing the rest of Canada a favor

The news that a separatist party is being formed in Newfoundland has been greeted by the nation with an unfortunate yawn. The nation, of course, is bone-weary of separatists now that the gut-wrenching Quebec threat has come to naught and the Western Canada Concept has belly-flopped after a few hinks.

Outside of Newfoundland, calls to arms by retired colonels to put down this dangerous faction, editorial viewings-with-alarm, constitutional rethinking and other usual excitements have been as rare as catfish feathers. This is an injustice of sorts that only proves the point. Once again Newfoundland is being ignored, underlining all the more the need for a good, rousing independence party.

The Party for an Independent Newfoundland is the brainchild of Charles Devine and a group of small businessmen around him. Devine, 55, a native of St. John's, is a former newspaperman, businessman and member of the House of Assembly for Labrador West (1962-66). After a campaign of recruitment for party members, he expects a founding convention in March or April, power by the next election and independence before the oil flows from the Hibernia field, which he expects by 1986.

Let's say that his timetable is a bit rushed, but Devine can nevertheless lay claim to some seriousness. A poll a bit over a year ago revealed that up to 20% of Newfoundlanders were ready to take their oil and get out if a fair deal can't be obtained from Ottawa on the offshore. Premier Brian Peckford has himself flirted with the idea in his moments of greatest frustration with Ottawa, although Devine's announcement flushed him out and onto the confederate side. Peckford is in a sticky spot. His party is filled to the gunwales with Newfoundland nationalists of various hues and would stand to lose most at the next election if Devine becomes a force of any kind.

Can the idea of Newfoundland separatism be taken seriously? The new party brought out the old lion himself, Joseph R. Smallwood, raging. Just this past year, he said, federal money coming into Newfoundland included \$60 million in family allowances, \$170 million in old age pensions, \$80 million in welfare, \$32

million in war veterans' pensions, \$400 million in unemployment insurance as well as other transfers. Newfoundland's separation would be "one of the most tragic disasters of the 20th century," said the man who brought the province into Confederation in 1949. In any vote "at least 99%" would choose to remain in Canada. What's more, he added rather gratuitously, "Mr. Devine would be wasting his time to seek my support."

That, in all logic, would seem to be enough to put an end to it. But separatism is not about logic. To remind people how much welfare they're getting, and how grateful they should be for it, is to make the sore bleed all the more. It also carries with it the obnoxious sug-

"It should be remembered . . . that people do not necessarily vote for a separatist party because they're separatists"

gestion that everybody's on the dole — that no Newfoundlander works productively, pays taxes or contributes in any way to the social support systems which are presented as charity from Ottawa. Besides, the crux of the separatist argument is that there's oil revenue on the way and that if Ottawa begrudges its charity it can stick it up its nose.

But if separatism is not about logic, it's not about independence, either. Separatism is as Canadian as the driven snow. Except for a few hundred thousand paltry square miles of southern Ontario centred by the Toronto Stock Exchange, every area of the country has had a separatist movement or two, including northern Ontario, which occasionally chafes under the Toronto yoke like the rest of us.


It started in the Maritimes right away

— notably in Nova Scotia in the late summer of 1867 when up to 95% of the population voted, in simultaneous federal and provincial elections, to get out of the seven-week-old Confederation. Most of the remaining 5%, apparently, were special booze-bearing electors shipped from Ottawa by Prime Minister John A. Macdonald to uphold the cause of Canadian unity and bribe others to do the same.

Public life in the good old Dominion continued in that vein. B.C. and Manitoba had their separatist uproars in the 19th century and the rest in the 20th, including Nova Scotia again where calls for independence were still being heard in the 1920s. At last glance Nova Scotia was still part of the whole, and in fact was one of its more peaceable corners.

You have to exercise some subtlety to understand this, but in Canada the cloth of patriotism is worn inside out. Charles Devine and his separatists cannot conceivably take Newfoundland out of Confederation. If they succeed at all it will be in doing the opposite. They will give the country a fright, induce a little trauma and do what separatism has done in Quebec despite itself — helped the country find Quebec and Quebec the country. In giving the powers that be a satisfying kick in the pants, bad feelings will be wrung out and hung up to dry, rancors expiated. So there's logic there; it's just inverted. You can't feel truly Canadian until you've had a whing-ding of a separatist rumpus.

In practical political terms, a successful separatist movement might do two things. It might induce both the federal bureaucracy and the country at large to be more sensitive toward Newfoundland, which in turn might result in a better deal on the offshore — what Peckford's grievings seem unable to bring about. Secondly, since separatism is generally a conservative force, it could, at best, replace the Conservative party, much as the PQ took over from the ineffectual nationalist party, the Union Nationale.

We may be running ahead of ourselves here, but it should be remembered in case this thing pans out that people don't necessarily vote for a separatist party because they're separatists. They also vote tactically to rattle a bunged-up political situation. And so, in the spirit of inside-out Canadianism, here's one hand clapping for the future of separatism in Newfoundland. 



Usse Castle in the Loire Valley

At last, France is a bargain. *Formidable!*

And it can still give Canadians lessons on the fine art of living

By Robert Stewart

We were driving idly through a forest in the Sologne region of central France. The Sologne is known as *le pays de la chasse* — the land of the hunt — where filthy-rich Parisians annually spend a fair slice of the gross national product running down wild boars and stags. I have seen a lot of bush in my day, but nothing like this; the undergrowth had been completely cleared, and the greenery looked as if it has been trimmed with scissors. "Trust the French to civilize a forest," I scrawled in my notes.

And that is why you go to France — for its abiding civilization. If it is not, as the French tend to believe, the *only* civilized nation on earth, it is at least the most consistently so. The major cities of other countries may be meccas of graciousness and sophistication, but the light dims dramatically as you move into the boondocks. Not in France: It is civilized through and through, from the grand boulevards of Paris to the

narrowest village street.

For example, we had spent the night before in what Canadians might call a bit of a hick town — the small provincial administrative centre of Romorantin-Lathernay. Yet at the Grand Hôtel du Lion d'Or there, the accommodation and cuisine were as sumptuous as in the best hotels in Toronto or Montreal. And the price in Canadian dollars was only about one-third of what you would pay in Canada, thanks to the bargain-basement exchange rate of the franc. (See page 20.)

By this time, halfway through a rambling car tour of rural France, we had grown rather blasé about our ability to find excellent food and lodging wherever we wandered. The quest presented no great challenge, as it too often does at home. Except at the flop-house level, French hostelleries have admirable standards. Even the standard roadside motels are of a quality that should make Canadian motel operators hang their heads in shame.

We spent our first night in the country in a Gril Campagnile near Caen in Normandy. The Campagnile group is France's answer to Holiday Inns and

such. Each of its 67 motor hotels is managed by a married couple with experience in the hotel-restaurant trade and a financial stake in the business. The result is a blend of the familial hospitality of the traditional French *auberge* and the convenience and efficiency of the North American motor hotel.

I have stayed in much worse places for much more money. For \$46 Canadian we got a spacious double room furnished in European modern style. There were nice little touches like a coffee-maker and a couple of shot-sized bottles of liqueur on the dresser. The very presentable meals were remarkably cheap; I had hors-d'oeuvres, poached salmon, cheese, pastries and a glass of decent wine for \$12, including the tip.

The name of Caen holds both grim and glorious memories for Canadians of the wartime generation. The veterans who revisit the scene of the Normandy invasion to mark its 40th anniversary next June will scarcely recognize the city for which they fought so hard and long. The historic churches and public buildings have been so expertly restored that you would never know a shell or bomb had hit them. Sculptured gardens

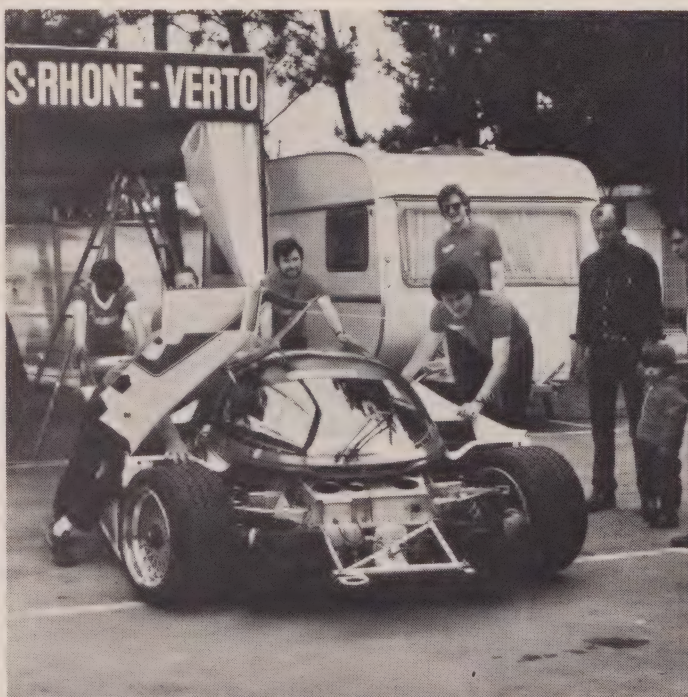
now flourish alongside streets once filled with rubble, giving vent to the French passion for flowering plants.

Similarly, the famed beaches of Normandy bear no scars from the furious battles that were waged on them. The only souvenirs of the war are in the interesting museums at Arromanches and other places along the coast. From June to September, the bloody sands of yester-year are given over to windsurfers and bikinis. The crack of guns has been replaced by the discreet whirr of roulette wheels in the casinos across the esplanades.

Normandy is the summer-time alternative to the Côte d'Azur, a three-hour drive from Paris versus eight hours to the Riviera. When the weather is right, there is no more attractive resort in France than Deauville, with its huge holiday mansions, elegant casino, posh hotels and mineral baths. Nor is there a prettier yachting haven than Honfleur, a marriage of historic charm and vivacity. Honfleur, incidentally, holds a special interest to Canadians as the port from which Samuel de Champlain set sail to found Quebec.

Both places are in Calvados, the district that gave its name to the astringent apple brandy Frenchmen use as a *pousse café*, meaning something to "push down the coffee." In its mix of apple, dairy and seafood products, Normandy resembles Nova Scotia. The difference is that Normandy uses those products better when it comes to preparing meals.

At Luc-sur-Mer, near the site of the Canadian landings, we had a typically Norman dinner of deep-fried white-bait (a tiny fish akin to capelin), turbot in white butter sauce, Pont l'Évêque cheese, and strawberries in clotted cream. All had been delivered just hours before. It is unimaginable for French chefs not to receive fresh ingredients daily, and therein lies the real secret of their cooking. I talked to one who had worked briefly in England. "They told me there that everything would be fresh — yes, fresh from the freezer," he said with



Le Mans: French culture at its most modern

an eloquent wrinkle of his nose.

As France's North Atlantic provinces, Normandy and the neighboring Brittany have much in common with their opposite numbers in Canada. The climate and terrain are similar, especially along the jagged, rock-strewn coast. And, of course, the two provinces are the ancestral homes of Acadian and many Scottish Canadians. Some long-lost cousins of the Acadians still live on picturesque Belle-Ile off the coast of Brittany, where their forbears found refuge after being expelled from Nova Scotia in the 1760s. They brought the first potatoes to France, thus making a seminal contribution to Gallic culture. In an odd piece of historical continuity,

French fast food outlets are now supplied with McCain's frozen french-fries.

The biggest difference between France's "Maritimes" and ours lies in the former's antiquity. The great cathedrals in Rouen and Bayeux were old before Canada was a gleam in Jacques Cartier's eye. In St. Malo you can stand on the spot where (so it is said) Cartier knelt and prayed before embarking on his first voyage to North America. The 450th anniversary of that expedition will be celebrated in St. Malo next summer. Though badly knocked about by bombardment in the Second World War, this walled island retains its ancient character. Its stone battlements and cobbled streets have an air of the distant past.

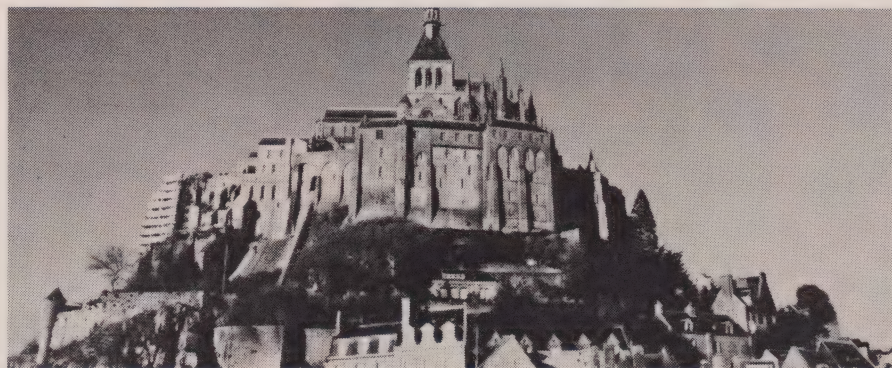
In a place where civilized human beings have lived for so long, the past is often mixed up with the present. In the rolling green countryside, one sees old stone barns and farmhouses fulfilling the same functions they did four or five centuries ago. We stayed overnight in the medieval city of Dinan, where people still live and work in 16th and 17th century gabled and wainscotted houses. Strolling along the Rue Petit-Pain at midnight, I almost expected the Three Musketeers to come swaggering down the street.

The sensation of being able to reach out and touch history is even more pronounced at Mont-Saint-Michel, on the boundary between Normandy and Brittany. Rising majestically out of the sea to a height of 170 m, this Benedictine abbey-cum-fortress looks from a distance like the enchanted castle in *Walt Disney Presents*. It is indeed fantastic, not in the sense that it doesn't exist, but because it represents such an unbelievable feat of construction. When people say they don't build 'em like they used to, this must be what they mean.

Mind you, it took five centuries — from the 11th to the 16th — to complete all the chancels, chapels, halls, cloisters, ramparts and dungeons on this massive granite island. It was done with consummate artistry as well as engineering skill: Mont-Saint-Michel incorporates some



Honfleur: A marriage of historic charm and vivacity



LARRY DALE GORDON/IMAGE BANK

Mont-Saint-Michel: It took five centuries to complete this abbey-cum-fortress

of the finest examples of Romanesque and Gothic architecture extant. Pilgrims have been flowing into the "Wonder of the Western World" since the 1400s. It was then that hotels, restaurants and souvenir stands first opened in the village built into the base of the island. You too can stay in one of the present hotels, whose doll's house images fit in with the prevailing atmosphere of fantasy. You need only to reserve well in advance.

For a complete change of scene, we drove over a series of super highways to Le Mans, home of the famous 24-hour road race. It was like bursting out of a time capsule to go from Mont-Saint-Michel to the square in this industrial city where the cars competing in the event were on display. Here was French culture at its most modern — chic, glamorous, cosmopolitan, sporty, hi-tech-minded. The rakish space-age machines and the handsome drivers with their girlfriends in lamé jump-suits reminded me of the kind of cigarette ad you see in glossy magazines.

The manager of the local Gril Campagnile, a former motocross champion, took us for a spin around the race course in his BMW sedan at a steady 180 km an hour. As there were no other French motorists about, this was less frightening than being on a country road. All the drivers in France seem to think they are competing in the Grand Prix, not to mention a running game of chicken. Sharing the pavement with them is not for those with shaky nerves.

The price of gasoline is also a little hair-raising — about 85 cents a litre for super. True, the high cost of running a car is offset to some extent by the low cost of renting one under Air France's "fly-and-drive" scheme. In any case, I still think the best way to travel in France is by driving. It allows you to see the country from the inside, where the trains and tour buses don't go.

One advantage of having your own wheels is the ability to stop where you please, choosing among the fine small inns and cafés in the villages and along the secondary highways. That is what we did on our way down the Valley of the Loire. We were now in vineyard country, and it was a treat to stop off and

sample local vintages like Vouvray and Sancerre at prices that would make Canadian oenophiles at the mercy of provincial liquor commissions sputter in anger. The Loire is as much of a delight to the eye as it is to the palate. The scenery could have been painted by Pissarro or Cézanne.


The region is perhaps best known for its stately chateaus, many of which are open to the public. The one at Cheverny is a perfect specimen of its kind. Built in 1634 of a type of local stone that becomes harder and whiter as it ages, it dominates a splendid sweep of formal gardens. The public rooms, including one in which King Henri IV once slept, contain priceless paintings, sculptures, tapestries and mint-condition furniture from the Louis XIV, Louis XV and Regency periods. Since it is still partly occupied by the family that has owned it for 700 years, it provides a good look at how the other half lives.

Just to see whether this way of life would really suit you, you can try it out by renting a room in one of the many authentic chateaus that have been converted to hotels throughout the country. In the 15th century Château de Danzay in the Loire, for example, double rooms may be had for about \$40 to \$70 a day. A guide to independent chateau hotels is available at tourist bureaus in France. Otherwise you can book in advance through Canadian travel agents connected with the Relais et Châteaux reservations group.

The Château de Danzay advertises "*calme absolu*," a condition you are likely to find in most hostels in the French countryside. After a spell of this, you may come to feel that you have been down on the farm too long. That is what the bright lights of Paris were made for. Although it was not the objective of this trip, we did sneak off for a couple of nights on the town before catching our plane for home.

Paris, of course, is a world in itself, and what you do there (and you can do *anything* there) depends on your tastes and the state of your bank book. Passing up *les peep show et théâtre hard* listed in large numbers in the entertainment guide, we opted for the relatively sedate

display of nudity of 30 bare-breasted dancers at the Lido, which claims to be the most famous nightclub in the world. The incredibly lavish production numbers, one featuring two live elephants, are performed on a multi-level stage, which by turns becomes a swimming pool, a skating rink and a blazing inferno. These are interspersed with old-fashioned European cabaret routines with acrobats, jugglers, trick dogs, etc. Ed Sullivan would have loved it. I know I did.


It would be a crying shame to go to Paris without having at least one meal in one of the city's — and therefore the world's — great restaurants. The opulent dining room in the Crillon Hotel is ranked among the three or four best places to eat in town. In this former palace on the magnificent Place de la Concorde, we dined regally on such delicacies as white asparagus and poached quails eggs in *mille-feuille* pastry. It was a memorable lesson in the fine art of living. Come to think of it, so were the rest of our experiences in France. 

What your dollar will buy

Not so long ago, the average Canadian contemplating a holiday in France might also have had to contemplate taking out a second mortgage. Now, a drastic decline in the exchange rate of the franc has made France one of the best travel bargains Canadian money can buy.

The franc lately has been hovering around 15 Canadian cents, which is just about half its price in 1980. Meanwhile, the inflationary rise in French prices has slowed considerably. To give some typically Parisian examples of how much bang you get for your C-buck as a result, a four-ounce bottle of Chanel Number Five that sold for about \$60 in 1980 now costs about \$35; a pure silk Christian Dior blouse which was priced at \$515 in 1980 is \$285 now.

Not only do you pay less on the ground, but the cost of getting there has been held down by competition between the chartered and scheduled airlines. Excursion air fares vary according to the season, day of the week and point of departure, but \$727 will get you from Halifax to Paris and back on Air Canada today.

The airlines have sweetened the pot with discount packages that take in car rentals and accommodation. Even without such special deals, however, the good things in French life are remarkably inexpensive by Canadian standards. It costs only \$28.50 for a bottle of excellent champagne. 

Incest: New light on the hidden crime against kids

The conspiracy of silence hiding the sexual abuse of children finally is starting to crack in Atlantic Canada. And even seasoned social workers are shocked by what they're finding out

By Katherine Jones

At age 14, Jane had been sexually abused by her father for years. So had her older sister, Ann, who left home at an early age. Both girls had told their mother what was going on, but she didn't believe them. Finally, another sister reported the abuse to the P.E.I. Department of Social Services. The father was charged, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two years in jail plus two years on probation. Jane is living with Ann and undergoing therapy for severe emotional problems.

The names in this case have been changed, but the story is real. It happened recently on Prince Edward Island, where reports of incest to the Social Services Department have increased dramatically in the past two years.

P.E.I. is, of course, not alone. All four Atlantic provinces report similar trends — as do other parts of the country. Government officials hope this means that incest is finally coming out of the dark. "We're hoping it's not new abuse that's being reported," says Nancy MacKinnon, P.E.I.'s director of child welfare, "just old abuse that's finally coming to our attention."

Gilbert Pike, Newfoundland's deputy minister of Social Services, says the "marked increase" in incest reports in his province "shouldn't be as much alarming as it is satisfying. It was going on before and we just didn't know about it."

Now that the conspiracy of silence surrounding incest is starting to crack, authorities are discovering that sexual abuse of children is more common than most people ever imagined. In her first seven years as a social worker, MacKinnon says, she didn't encounter a single case of incest. "The truth of the matter," she admits, "is that I didn't want to see one and I didn't know how to see one."

According to Ontario therapist Marg Bouge, who conducted a two-day seminar on incest last March in P.E.I., national statistics indicate that one of every four girls will be sexually abused before the age of 18 by a family member or someone else in a position of power. Local officials have no reason to believe this region is any different. Exact statistics don't exist, but law enforcement and other agencies confirm the trend. At P.E.I.'s Rape Crisis Centre, half the calls

concern incest. Nancy MacKinnon says she was shocked recently when eight reports of incest came from one small Island community in three weeks. After the P.E.I. Social Services Department installed an after-hours hotline through which people could report cases of child abuse, officials verified in one year 76 cases of abuse that otherwise may not have come to their attention. Of these, 37 involved physical abuse, 27, neglect and 12, sexual abuse.

But the stigma and shame associated with incest mean that many cases still go unreported. Sandy Bentley, the Island's new co-ordinator of child protection services, says the current increase "is just revealing how big the iceberg is." Social workers across Canada generally accept that only 5% to 10% of incest cases are

"National statistics indicate that one of every four girls will be sexually abused... before age 18"

ever reported.

And there's still widespread disbelief that adults can do such things to children. A typical reaction, MacKinnon says, is: "Are there really cases like this on the Island?" This attitude, plus a reluctance to get involved, allows incest to continue as a private, family affair. "If someone from outside the family doesn't step in," Bentley says, "the children won't get help." The bitter irony is that it's the parents — the traditional protectors of children — who are the abusers.

Even seasoned social workers find it hard to accept. "The age of some of the children, mere babies, really threw me for a loop," says MacKinnon, who's been a social worker for 22 years.

Recently in P.E.I., a pre-school-age girl was sexually abused by two different men for several weeks. The child told her mother, who did nothing. Her grandmother, however, reported the incidents to Social Services, and the child now is

in a foster home.

In another recent case, an Island man forced himself on his two teenaged stepdaughters. A brother was injured trying to protect the girls. The man was charged with assault, but failed to show up in court to enter a plea. He left the province and hasn't been seen since; there's now a warrant out for his arrest.

Bentley says incest is a growing concern across the country. She attended a recent meeting of the Canadian Coalition of Child Welfare in Toronto. "Every province across Canada, when they were identifying priorities, talked about sexual abuse, and the incidence of sexual abuse, and the problems and challenges that it's creating for child protection workers."

Calgary recently installed a 24-hour hotline for reports of sexual abuse; reports on incest increased by 100% in the first few months. In 1981, Toronto set up a Child Abuse Centre, and started focusing on incest two years ago. "We now accept that it's a widespread problem," co-ordinator Lorna Grant says. "And we see only five to 10% of what's going on."

RCMP Sgt. Pete McGarry says the typical incestuous relationship involves a father and one or more daughters over a period of years. The mother usually knows it's going on, but somehow can't cope. "Until the girl removes herself, or someone reports it, the abuse won't stop," McGarry says, "and will likely escalate."

The victim is almost always a girl. The average age is eight, although there have been cases involving babies. The abuse usually starts with fondling and exposure. The longer it continues, the more likely it is to involve intercourse.

The effects on the victim are devastating. Without therapy, she can be scarred for life. "Severe depression, low self-esteem, suicidal tendencies, self-abusive behavior and juvenile delinquency are common," Bentley says. "They feel as if they have a big X on their foreheads, and everyone knows."

Only a few years ago, help for incest victims just wasn't available. Now, Bentley says, some old cases have been reopened. "People who are adults, who are saying, 'I can't function... I don't know how to relate to people, and yes, I was sexually abused, and yes, Social Services knew about it.' And the sexual abuse continued from a very early age, until the girl left home or ran away."

Despite the myth that it's a lower-class crime, incest occurs at all social and economic levels. "It's so much easier for us to believe that it's not the middle class, that it must be the poor, outlying, boonie families, that it's not here and now and this close to us," Bentley says.

In a typical incestuous family, the father rules the roost, often isolating the family from the community. "But un-

SPECIAL REPORT

derneath," Bentley says, "he's usually very insecure. Behind the powerful exterior you often find a desperate, lonely person full of self-loathing." Typically, the mother is passive and impotent. As she withdraws, the little girl is often forced to take on a mothering role. The whole family is warped, the roles skewed.

Do children lie about being sexually abused? Never, Bentley says. "I've never had an unsubstantiated report of incest where the information came from the child, whether a very young girl or a teenager." At the Island seminar on incest last March, Marg Bouge emphasized this point. "Children who say they are being sexually abused *are* being sexually abused," she said bluntly. "If you don't believe her story," she warned social workers, "you enhance the chances of that child being permanently damaged. You're just another person who doesn't believe her." A celebrated survey of 2,000 California cases between 1968 and 1975 backs this up: Not one child was found to be lying.

Criminal charges are rarely laid in incest cases, although prosecutions are increasing — on the Island, there now are one or two trials a year, compared with one every three or four years in the past. The problem, says Richard Hubley, the Island's chief Crown prosecutor, is finding proof. "Allegations of incest are hard to prove, and judges are reluctant to accept only the testimony of a young child. Usually the child's evidence must be corroborated." Often there are no witnesses, and a defence lawyer can easily rattle a young child on the stand. As a result, Hubley says, it's difficult to get a conviction without an admission of guilt by the abuser.

And a trial is hard on everybody — especially the child. "A court trial is hell for the child," Hubley says, "and you never become hardened to it. It breaks your heart when a little girl is called upon to tell me, as Crown prosecutor, and the judge something so intimate and personal, while giving evidence against somebody she trusted. How do you explain to the child that her father is going to jail for what he did to her, something she may not understand or believe to be wrong?"

Most incest reports come from an older child in the family, or from a relative, teacher or public health nurse in whom the victim has confided. Or someone may notice a sharp change in the child's behavior, Bentley says. "A child who was previously happy and outgoing is now tearful and withdrawn. Or it may simply be that a pre-school-aged girl is unusually seductive or sexually explicit in her behavior. A little girl may draw pictures of things far beyond the normal range of a child of that age."

The identity of someone reporting a suspected case of incest is, by law, con-

fidential. Social service workers screen calls carefully to weed out those that are simply malicious (rare) or overly suspicious. The police are often involved from the start. If a report appears legitimate, the Crown prosecutor is called, and he decides whether the police should start an investigation. At the same time, child protection workers confront the family.

They usually meet a blank wall of resistance. The father flatly denies the abuse. The mother backs him up. The child is blamed. Terrified, she is subjected to tremendous pressure from all members of the family, including siblings, to withdraw the allegations. The father will use all his trump cards — threats, coercion and bribery. The mother is often a silent partner.

At this point, the family may volun-

"The victim is almost always a girl. The average age is eight, although there have been cases involving babies"

tarily sign a contract with the Department of Social Services agreeing to treatment and therapy. But this doesn't usually happen. The threat of the arm of the law is needed, Bentley says.

Incest cases often go before the family division of the Supreme Court, to get a court order to remove a child for a time or provide other protection.

The first goal is to protect the child; the second, to maintain the family unit. Putting a child back into such an environment may seem incredible. But Bentley says, "Severing a family is a very risky business. You have to be very certain you have something better to offer." A child is not returned to a family until there are very clear signs of rehabilitation. And, says Bentley, "the child has a weapon she didn't have before: She knows she can get help if the abuse starts again."

P.E.I.'s emphasis on rehabilitating and reuniting the incestuous family is not shared by all provinces. Some areas are starting to take a more punitive approach. Lorna Grant says a more aggressive approach is needed; otherwise, "the kids will usually be re-victimized." She says the trend in Toronto toward criminal charges in incest cases "is a clear message that our community isn't going to tolerate abuse of children."


New Brunswick, like P.E.I., favors the rehabilitative route. Terry Atkinson, senior consultant on child protection services, says, "We lean more to the treatment of the family rather than prosecution." Nova Scotia, however, is moving toward more criminal charges in cases of incest. Mona Bordash, a child abuse worker at the Izaak Walton Killam Children's Hospital in Halifax, says if you asked police officers and child welfare workers, "the majority would say they don't believe in the treatment and therapy approach, that the best treatment is prison."

In fact, there aren't enough facilities to treat adequately the abusers or the abused. Dr. John Anderson, a pediatrician at the Killam Hospital, says places that have installed hotlines, such as Calgary and P.E.I., are very brave. "The tragedy is that we can barely cope with the current level of incest referrals," he says. "The facilities aren't there to deal with the expected influx." He says governments must be pressured into providing additional help — family therapists, psychiatrists, social workers.

And little is being done to prevent the sexual abuse of children in the first place. The public is generally indifferent. The family is still regarded as inviolate: A man's home is his castle. As lawyer Judy Haldemann, who handles most child protection cases for the Island government, observes, "You can do all kinds of things to your kids — with no repercussions."

Most people who deal with the trauma and horror of incest see public education as the key to prevention. But there's often a loud minority who oppose sex education in the schools. Most Island school boards, for example, are having difficulty setting up a basic family life program. "Some people are really uptight and sensitive," says Thomas Hall, school superintendent in western P.E.I., "so the schools say to heck with it."

So incest-proofing children is likely a long, long way down the road. "We're not giving our children the tools to protect themselves," Bentley says. "Children should be taught that their bodies are theirs — private — and that they have the right to say no. Children should be told that incest is wrong, and if they're being sexually abused, they should tell someone they trust... and keep telling them until they are believed."

Two years ago, P.E.I. became the last jurisdiction in North America to make it mandatory to report suspected cases of child abuse. But awakening the public conscience is a slow process, and many children are still at risk. Haldemann urges people to believe a little girl when she says she's being sexually abused. "If you're her teacher, relative, neighbor — please believe her, because her mother will not. And she'll never get out of it by herself." 

COVER STORY



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

Curling rivals Jones (left) and LaRocque: They respect each other's talent

That was no lady, that was a curler!

Call it the sport for the geriatric set, if you like. But to the two top Canadian women in the sport — both Atlantic Canadians — “what separates the winners from the losers is toughness”

By Alexander Bruce

Oh dear... I don't know... what do you think Mr. Bruce... can we really call competitive darts and baton-twirling sporting events?" Penny LaRocque leans forward in her huge chair and flashes me a wide, sarcastic smile.

I glance nervously at the clock in the lobby of CFB Halifax Curling Club. I arrived barely 10 minutes ago and already I've offended Canada's premier woman curler. That's a record for me.

"What I mean to say," I add hastily, "is that curling seems to be such a gracious, gentle sport... not many think of it as truly competitive or of curlers as real..."

"Well... now listen!" She cuts me off. "Sport is a difficult thing to define. You can play anything recreationally. But if you are going to win a Canadian Curling Championship your body and mind have to be in shape. If you're not fit, you're not going to be a winner."

So much for my sloppy sentiments. But, then, what else would Penny LaRocque, holder of four provincial curling titles, Canada's current Ladies'



Mental rehearsal is LaRocque's success secret

Champion, and semi-finalist at the 1983 Moose Jaw World Tournament, say? For as far back as she can remember, "competition" has been her watchword.

"A champion must be an extrovert," she says. "A champion must be confident of her potential and abilities."

Born in Yarmouth, the daughter of a sea captain, LaRocque grew up with six brothers and sisters. "My family was my great support," she says. "But with so many kids around, you had to be competitive." She excelled in school and earned a BA in recreation from Dalhousie University. She married Guy LaRocque, a design engineer, in 1968. One year later, she discovered competitive curling.

"At that time, women's curling was very young here," she says. "Actually, I only got interested in the sport when I saw my chance to develop competitively... I had ample room to really grow in the sport."

And grow she did. Joyce Myers, a top curler, recognized her abilities and convinced her to form her own team in 1975. Three years later, she skipped her way through the Provincials to a second-

COVER STORY

place finish in the Canadian Championships.

But LaRocque knows that, in spite of her fighting spirit, she is a real oddity on the ice. Built like a sparrow and just over five feet tall, she's barely strong enough to throw the 40-lb stone with the button accuracy needed in championship play. "I've had to accept the fact that I'm petite," she says. "As a child, I was interested in most sports, especially basketball. And I was pretty good as long as the other kids were my height."

Faced with younger, stronger and more experienced curlers, she decided early to look for an edge. She quizzed fellow sportsmen for their secrets of success, talked to experts in fitness and athletics, and racked her brain for ways to improve her game.

"The one thing I knew," she says, "was that curling depends more on a person's fine motor skills than anything else."

She came up with an innovative training program, combining daily aerobics with something remarkably like Zen Buddhism. "The key was positive think-

ing," she says. "We had to establish goals, keep things in perspective and manage our time properly. We had to start thinking that winning was only a bonus, and that the challenge was in preparing well for a Canadian Championship."

LaRocque now trains with her team year-round, monitoring her players' development like a true scientist. "We outline a plan," she says, "and the team has a diary or schedule to fill." Since members can't often get together in the off-season, they are each responsible for their own physical and mental workouts. When the ice is in — from October to March — the team practises twice a day, every day and plays at least two games a week.

"We don't have the luxuries of varsity teams or some professional rinks," she says. "We have jobs and families, and can't always drop everything to curl. That's why the routine is important."

The backbone of the routine is "active meditation," an exercise which lets her concentrate totally on her game at even her busiest moments. During peak



LaRocque has a daily aerobics program

season, her curling mind will lapse into these trances, each lasting as long as five minutes, six or seven times a day. Active meditation usually precedes "goal rehearsal," the most important feature of her training program. "With mental rehearsal," she explains, "I throw the stone in my mind first, so that on the ice, I'm merely confirming the fact. Mental rehearsal was how I was able to throw the winning stone in the last Canadian Championship."

LaRocque leaves nothing to chance during play. She times her team-mates with a stopwatch and whistle, frequently consults her coach, and even blows bubblegum occasionally to ease the tension. "At our level, mental and physical preparation is the critical part," she says. "I don't think we're going to improve technically."

Nevertheless, she admits that sometimes even the best training can lead nowhere. "Luck is a significant part of curling. Having luck on your side can make the difference between winning and losing."

But there's more to it than that. Champions are targets. And while LaRocque doesn't like to think about who's biting at her heels, Nova Scotia's women curlers won't let her rest on her laurels for long. Leading the pack is Colleen Jones of Halifax.

Jones has beaten LaRocque in competition at least twice. Most recently, Jones won the 1982 Provincial and Canadian Championships.

"What separates the winners from the losers," she says, "is toughness. You've got to have the killer instinct. You've got to want to win more than anything else."

Like LaRocque, Jones learned the meaning of competition at a tender age. "There were eight kids in our family, and I learned by example." She played vol-

Sunday curlers have fun, too

Though some fickle curlers have thrown up their stones and brooms for snowmobiles or skis over the years, the centuries-old Scottish sport is holding its own in Atlantic Canada. More than 16,000 registered curlers play at more than 100 clubs in the region, with thousands more curling on a rental basis. The sport isn't growing much here, but fans say curling, like bowling, has its popularity ups and downs. But provincial associations are determined to give their sport a boost.

First, they like to point out that curling is cheap. "It's the best deal in town, expense-wise," says Lorne Mitton, secretary-treasurer of the New Brunswick Curling Association. While other winter sports such as hockey might cost \$400-\$600 for equipment alone, curling costs are mainly limited to club fees (from \$50-\$250), shoes (\$40-\$80), brooms (\$20-\$40), and maybe a fancy sweater or two. But, Mitton adds, "we like to think that our number one asset is the sociability of the sport. Also, you don't have to be a star to enjoy yourself curling. We brag that we can accommodate all levels of competence, and people feel comfortable even if they're not great."

But many of the region's curlers are great. Nova Scotia's Penny LaRocque and Colleen Jones are Canadian champions, of course, and in 1976, the Jack MacDuff rink of Newfoundland won the Brier. Traditionally, the teams to beat have been from the west, and some

curlers say that's because of a geographical disadvantage. "Maritime curlers are every bit as good as any other curlers," insists Norma White, secretary of the P.E.I. Ladies' Curling Association. "The only problem is that we don't get as much competition as the westerners. They start earlier and play later than we do."

To ensure a supply of good curlers, the associations have launched youth development programs. The Newfoundland organization recruited 600 teenagers, who had never set foot in a curling rink before, from 17 junior high schools last year. Association secretary Frank Noseworthy says they expect more than 2,000 new high-schoolers this year. In New Brunswick, a similar project includes holding an "elite" curling camp for juniors: Winners from the six New Brunswick zones will gather for a week-end of instruction before advancing to the national championships. "Younger people tend to think that curling is for older people," says Shirley Morash, secretary of the Nova Scotia Ladies' Curling Association. "We have to educate people that curling is a vibrant sport that you can do all your life."

Curlers hope two upcoming bonspiels will rouse more interest in the region for the sport. The national women's championship, the Scott Tournament of Hearts, will be held in Charlottetown, Feb 25 to March 3, and Moncton will host the Labatt's Brier in 1985. "It certainly can't hurt us, and we're hopeful it'll help," says White.

Sensational drink and food recipes inside . . .

game, too

which began in 1994. During its early years, Transworld Media was involved in 100 equity partnerships with leading companies in the technology, media and telecommunications sectors. In 1998, Transworld Media was acquired by the private equity firm, Vista Capital, and was subsequently merged with Vista's other media company, Vista Media Group, to form Vista Media Group, Inc. (Vista Media Group, Inc. is a subsidiary of Vista Capital, a private equity firm). Vista Media Group, Inc. is a leading provider of media and telecommunications services to its clients.

the two sides of a coin. It was important to me to be confident of my knowledge. Mathematics was a serious game. I felt that we should be thinking about things, not just doing things. I would not have been happy with a rote learning approach. It was important to me to be confident of my knowledge. Mathematics was a serious game. I felt that we should be thinking about things, not just doing things. I would not have been happy with a rote learning approach.

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and flavour.



Tall Drinks...

MYERS'S PLANTER'S PUNCH

Mix in shaker or blender, 3 ounces orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ ounces Myers's Rum. Add 1 teaspoon superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake or blend until frothy. Serve over shaved ice in a highball glass. If desired, garnish with a slice of orange, cherry.

MYERS'S MARY

Pour 1½ ounces Myers's Rum, ½ ounce lemon juice, dash each Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco, dash celery salt and pepper, over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with tomato juice. Stir vigorously. Garnish with celery stalk.

MYERS'S RUM & COLA

Pour 1½ ounces of Myers's Rum over ice cubes or crushed ice in a highball glass. Fill with cola. Stir. If desired, garnish with lemon or lime wedge.



Sunday curk

T

[illegible]

game, too

In shaker or blender, combine 1½ ounces Myers's Rum, 1 ounce cream of coconut (from can), 2 ounces unsweetened pineapple juice, ½ cup crushed ice. Blend at low speed 10 to 15 seconds. Pour over cubes in a tall glass. Garnish with a pineapple stick and cherry.

In a highball glass filled with ice cubes or crushed ice, pour 1½ ounces of Myers's Rum and 6 ounces orange juice. Stir. If desired, garnish with a slice of orange and a mint sprig.



Cocktails and Short Drinks...

MYERS'S SUNSHINE COCKTAIL

In a shaker filled with ice, pour 2 ounces of orange juice, 2 ounces grapefruit juice, 2 ounces of Myers's Rum, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of superfine sugar and a dash of Angostura bitters. Shake until frothy and strain over shaved ice in a highball glass. If desired, garnish with a maraschino cherry.

MYERS'S MARGARITA

Moisten rim of wide cocktail glass with lime juice, dip rim in coarse salt. In shaker with cracked ice, combine 1 ounce Myers's Rum, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce Triple Sec, 1 ounce lemon or lime juice. Shake, strain into prepared cocktail glass. Garnish with lemon or lime slice if desired.

MYERS'S OLD FASHIONED

In an Old Fashioned glass dissolve 1 teaspoon of sugar in 2 dashes of Angostura bitters and a splash of club soda. Add 2 ice cubes and fill with Myers's Rum. Decorate with fruit.



Sunday curk

T

Now enjoy your favorite cocktail made with that extra rich taste that's pure Myers's—tops in mixability! Cheers!

MYERS'S SUNNY SOUR

Combine 1½ ounces Myers's Rum, juice of ½ lemon (1 ounce), ¼ teaspoon sugar (Or use sour mix.) Shake with ice until frothy. Strain into sour glass or over ice cubes in tall glass. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

MYERS'S PERFECT MANHATTAN

Prepare as Manhattan, using
1/2 part sweet vermouth, 1/2
part dry vermouth.

MYERS'S MANHATTAN

Combine in cocktail shaker with ice cubes. 3 parts Myers's Rum, 1 part sweet vermouth, dash of Angostura bitters. Stir, strain into cocktail glass or serve over rocks. Garnish with cherry.



Daiquiris...

MYERS'S FROZEN DAIQUIRI

In a blender, mix 1½ ounces Myers's Rum, juice of ½ lime, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ cup shaved ice and splash Triple Sec. Blend to a slush. Pour into chilled wine glass or champagne saucer. Garnish with a slice of lime and mint sprig.

MYERS'S BANANA DAIQUIRI

In a blender, mix 1½ ounces of Myers's Rum, ½ ounce of lemon juice, ½ sliced ripe banana, 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ cup crushed ice. Blend until smooth. Pour into chilled champagne glass.

MYERS'S PEACH DAIQUIRI

In a blender, mix 2 fresh peeled peach halves, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 ounce lime or lemon juice, 3 ounces Myers's Rum, ½ cup crushed ice. Blend 10 to 20 seconds. Pour into two chilled cocktail glasses.



Sunday curl

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*Daiquiris-lovers, Myers's makes them especially smooth just for you!
For the daiquiri of your dreams, every time!*

MYERS'S PINEAPPLE DAIQUIRI

In a blender, mix ½ slice of canned pineapple, 1 tablespoon lime juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 ounces Myers's Rum and ⅓ cup crushed ice. Blend 10 to 20 seconds. Pour into chilled cocktail glass.



**MYERS'S
STRAWBERRY
DAIQUIRI**

In a blender, mix 1½ ounces Myers's Rum, ½ cup defrosted frozen strawberries with syrup (or 1 cup fresh berries with 1 tablespoon sugar), ½ cup shaved ice and the juice of ¼ lemon. Blend to a slush. Pour into a stemmed wine glass, forming a peak. Garnish with a fresh strawberry and add additional splash of rum.



**MYERS'S
ORANGE DAIQUIRI**

In a blender, mix ½ ounce of lime or lemon juice, 1 ounce orange juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ ounces Myers's Rum, ½ cup crushed ice. Blend 10 to 20 seconds. Pour into chilled cocktail glass.



game, too

Punches...

MYERS'S RUM FRUIT PUNCH

Combine in a large bowl 1 can frozen fruit punch concentrate, 1 can frozen orange juice concentrate, 1 can frozen lemonade concentrate (6 ounces each), 1 quart (or liter) Myers's Rum, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ quarts cold water. Stir well and sweeten to taste with grenadine. Chill with a block of ice. Pour into 8-ounce glasses packed with ice. Garnish each with pineapple spear, orange slice and maraschino cherry on a skewer. Makes about 22 servings.

MYERS'S SUNSHINE PUNCH

Combine in a punch bowl, 1 block of ice, 1 quart orange juice, 1 quart grapefruit juice, 1 quart (or liter) Myers's Rum. Stir to blend. Garnish with sliced oranges and grapefruit. Makes about 26 servings.



Sunday curk

T

A close-up photograph of a silver bowl filled with white rice porridge (congee), topped with a generous amount of golden-brown raisins. A silver spoon rests on the right side of the bowl. To the left, a glass of orange juice with a slice of orange is partially visible. The background is a warm, orange-toned surface.

MYERS'S FISH HOUSE PUNCH— A PHILADELPHIA TRADITION

game, too

Pitchers...

MYERS'S STRAWBERRY DAIQUIRI

Fill large pitcher or jug half-way with ice. Combine 4 cups frozen strawberries in syrup (defrosted) or hulled (remove green leaf and stem) fresh strawberries (add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar if using fresh strawberries), juice of 2 lemons (3 ounces) and 12 ounces of Myers's Rum. Place mixture in blender in batches and whirl. Pour over ice cubes in pitcher or jug. Stir, then strain into wine goblets filled with crushed ice. Makes 8 drinks.

MYERS'S RUM & COLA

In a $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 quart pitcher with 2-3 cups of ice cubes, combine 16 ounces of Myers's Rum, the juice of 1 lemon and a 48 ounce bottle of cola. Mix and pour over ice cubes in tall glasses. Makes ten drinks.

MYERS'S & ORANGE JUICE

In a 2 quart pitcher with 2 cups of ice cubes, combine 16 ounces of Myers's Rum with 1 quart of orange juice. Mix and pour over ice cubes in tall glasses. Top with soda. Makes ten drinks.



Sunday curk

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*Stir up a big batch of Myers's Rum for your friends...
makes every get together a special celebration!*

MYERS'S PINEAPPLE DAIQUIRI

Fill large pitcher or jug half-way with ice. Combine in a blender 8 cut-up, 1/2 inch thick pineapple slices, 1/2 cup of lime juice and 1/2 cup of sugar. Whirl in blender; then pour into pitcher or jug with ice cubes. Add 16 ounces of Myers's Rum and stir vigorously. Pour into cocktail glasses filled with crushed ice. Stir. Makes 8 drinks.

MYERS'S MARY

In a 2 quart pitcher with 2 cups of ice cubes, combine 16 ounces of Myers's Rum, 1 quart of tomato juice, the juice of 1 lemon or lime, 10 to 12 dashes of Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco to taste and a pinch of salt and pepper. Mix and pour over ice cubes in tall glasses. If desired, garnish each glass with a stalk of celery. Makes ten drinks.



game, too

Hot Drinks...

MYERS'S MOCHA TODDY

In a mug or heat-proof glass, stir 1 teaspoon cocoa, 3 ounces of strong hot coffee and 3 ounces scalded milk or light cream until cocoa is dissolved. Stir in 2 ounces Myers's Rum. If desired, top with sweetened whipped cream and a dash of grated nutmeg.

MYERS'S HOT SPICED CIDER

In a mug or heat-proof glass, pour 1½ ounces Myers's Rum, juice of ½ lemon and 6 ounces of hot apple cider. Stir with a cinnamon stick. Serve steaming hot.

MYERS'S BUTTERED RUM

Into a mug or heat-proof glass, pour 1½ ounces Myers's Rum, 1 dash bitters, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon butter and 3 whole cloves. Fill with boiling water. Stir and serve immediately.



Sunday curl

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Appetizers...

SPICED CHICKEN PATE EN CROUTE

Line a 3-cup greased mold with frozen prepared puff pastry sheets, cutting to fit pan with overlapping edges. In blender or food processor, combine 1¼ pounds boneless chicken breast, 1 small onion, 2 egg yolks, 1¼ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon coarsely ground pepper, pinch of clove, ½ cup Myers's Rum, 4 tablespoons butter and 3 cloves garlic. Blend until smooth. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, then fold into chicken mixture. Pour half of mixture into mold; sprinkle ¼ cup each diced ham and scallions down center of mold. Top with remaining chicken mixture, mounding slightly. Cover top of mold with puff pastry, sealing ends with tines of a fork. Cut small vent hole at top center. Bake in preheated 350° oven 1 hour, until cooked through. Let stand to cool, then refrigerate until serving time. Remove from mold. Cut into thin slices to serve.

CHEESE STUFFED TOMATOES

Whip 1½ cups sharp cheddar cheese, grated, with ¼ cup mayonnaise, pinch of cayenne, dash of Worcestershire sauce, and 1 ounce of Myers's Rum. Cut a slice from the top of each of 24 tomatoes. Scoop out the seeds. Fill each tomato with two teaspoons of cheese mixture, heaping tops. Makes 24 filled cherry tomatoes.

HOT CHEESE PUFFED MUSHROOMS

Prepare cheese mixture as above. Remove stems from medium-sized mushrooms; wipe caps clean with moist paper towel. Turn upside down on buttered baking sheet; fill mushrooms with cheese mixture, mounding slightly. Place under hot broiler, about 5 inches from heat, and broil until tops are golden and puffed, about 3 minutes. Makes 18–24 medium mushrooms.



SHRIMP RIDERS

Peel and devein 24 large shrimp, leaving tails on. Split length-wise without cutting in half, and arrange in baking pan, tails up. Pour Rum-Butter Sauce (below) over shrimp. Bake in a pre-heated 450° oven for 4 minutes; slip under the broiler for 2 or 3 more minutes to brown. Remove to bed of hot rice in serving dish. Drain off sauce, and combine with 1 jigger Myers's Rum. Spoon over shrimp and rice. Makes 8 appetizer servings.

(For Rum-Butter Sauce see Entrees section)



Myers's Rum adds a delightful, yet subtle rum flavor to these taste-tempting recipes—for an appetizing start to any get-together.

MAGNIFICO MEATBALLS

In bowl, break up 1½ pounds ground chuck with fork. Add ⅓ cup Myers's Rum, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon chili powder and 1 small, finely minced onion. Toss together, then form into 1 inch balls. Heat 1 tablespoon oil in skillet, add meatballs, brown about 5 minutes, on all sides. Drain off any excess fat. In bowl, combine ½ cup sweet pickle relish, ¼ cup catsup, ½ cup beef broth, and ½ cup Myers's Rum. Add sauce to skillet, heat until bubbling, serve with picks. Makes about 36.



RUM GLAZED RIBS

Cut apart 2 pounds pork spareribs. Parboil in water to cover, about 1 hour. Meanwhile, in large bowl, combine ¼ cup soy sauce, ¼ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons honey or molasses, 1 cup beef broth or water, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, clove garlic, minced, and ½ cup Myers's Rum. Drain spareribs and add to bowl, turning to coat all sides. Refrigerate, covered, about 4 hours (or longer). Broil or bake ribs at 350°, turning and basting often with sauce until glazed and golden brown, about 30 minutes.

TROPICAL FRUIT KEBABS

Combine ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup Myers's Rum, 3 teaspoons sugar, and a pinch of ground ginger in a large bowl. Add three cups sliced strawberries, pineapple and kiwi fruit, or assorted fresh and dry fruits, and marinate 2 hours or longer. Arrange on short skewers. Serve cold, or broil 3 to 4 inches from heat, until sizzling. Makes about 20 kebabs.



Photo by [illegible]

Photo by [illegible]

BROILED LOBSTER TAILS AU RHUM

Prepare frozen rock lobster tails for broiling, as directed, cutting away upper shell and cracking lower shell to prevent curling under heat (or use fish fillets and roll up). Sprinkle lobster tails or fish with Myers's Rum and a little salt. Dot with butter. Broil 3 inches from heat about 8 minutes. Allow one lobster tail (more if very small) or fillet for each serving. Serve with tangy sauce, omitting herbs and garlic from Rum Butter Sauce below, and adding 3 dashes cayenne pepper, fresh ground black pepper.

RUM-BUTTER SAUCE

Mince 2 cloves garlic and combine with 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon oregano, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, 1 jigger Myers's Rum.



SAVORY CHICKEN

Arrange a cut-up chicken, about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, in a rectangular baking dish, about 9 x 13 inches. Squeeze the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange and $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon over chicken. Heat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter to melt, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Myers's Rum, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, and spoon over chicken. Season with salt, pepper and ground ginger to taste. Bake in a 350° degree oven about 50 minutes, until chicken is tender and golden brown, basting occasionally with pan drippings. Makes 4 servings.



They look impressive—and they are! Myers's distinctive rum flavor stands up to cooking, just as it does in your favorite rum drinks, so the rich rum taste always comes through!

SWEET 'N SOUR BEEF

Sprinkle 2 tablespoons Myers's Rum over 2 pounds boneless chuck, cut in chunks. Let meat stand at least half an hour, brown meat in 2 tablespoons butter, then sprinkle with more rum and cook 1 minute longer. Remove meat to high-sided casserole or Dutch oven. Add 8 scraped carrots and 8 small peeled white onions. Heat butter in skillet, add 2 tablespoons flour, blending well, add 1½ teaspoons salt,

1 6-ounce can mushrooms with their liquid, 1 tablespoon tomato catsup, 1 crumbled bay leaf,

1 tablespoon currant jelly, 1 tablespoon wine vinegar and 2 cups water. Pour sauce over meat and vegetables in casserole, cover tightly. Bring to boil then simmer gently for

45 minutes or until meat is tender. Makes 4 to 6 servings.



JAMBALAYA

Marinate 1 lb. shrimp (fresh or frozen, shelled) in ½ cup Myers's Rum and ½ cup water for 1 hour, turning occasionally. In ¼ cup fat, sauté 1 large sliced onion until lightly browned. Add ½ cup cooked sausage meat, broken in pieces, and the shrimp with the rum. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Transfer to 3 quart heavy pot with 3½ cups tomatoes (1 large can), 1 bay leaf, 1½ teaspoons salt, freshly ground black pepper, a pinch of thyme and 1½ cups rice. Cover pot tightly, bring just to boil, simmer gently 20 minutes. Makes 8 to 10 servings.



JOHN F. DE WINTER PHOTO

JOHN F. DE WINTER PHOTO

game, too

Desserts...

CHOCOLATE RUM CAKE

Prepare 3 layers (9-inch) yellow cake or sponge cake. Cool. Split each into two. Prick layers with the tines of a fork, and sprinkle with Rum Syrup (recipe below) to moisten. In the top of a double boiler, melt together 1 stick butter and 8 ounces semi-sweet chocolate. Stir until smooth. Remove from heat and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Myers's Rum. Beat in 1 stick softened butter alternately with 1 pound sifted confectioner's sugar. Frost five layers, setting one on top of the other. Place unfrosted layer on top. Spread frosting over top and sides and refrigerate an hour or longer, or freeze. Makes about 8 servings.

RUM SYRUP

In a small, heavy-bottomed saucepan, combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each water and sugar. Bring to boil over moderate heat, and cook 1 minute without stirring. Remove from heat. Cool slightly and stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Myers's Rum. Makes 1 cup. Excellent on cut fruits, as well as cake.



STRAWBERRIES JUBILEE

Puree 1 package frozen strawberries (defrosted) with juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Myers's Rum. In saucepan, simmer gently, remove from heat. Hull 1 pint strawberries; pour hot rum-berry sauce over. Ladle hot over 2 pints ice cream, sprinkle with additional rum to taste. Serves 8.

You can always count on a happy ending with these spectacular Myers's Rum desserts. They're everything desserts should be: beautiful, delicious, irresistible!

DAIQUIRI SOUFFLE

Collar a 1-quart souffle dish. Butter lightly and sprinkle with sugar. Dissolve 1 package (6 ounces) lime flavored gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 package Daiquiri Mix. Cool. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Myers's Rum. Chill until slightly thickened. Whip one pint heavy cream, or use 1 quart prepared whipped topping. Fold whipped cream or topping into gelatin mixture until almost combined. Beat three egg whites stiff and fold into cream mixture lightly but thoroughly. Pour into collared souffle dish. Garnish with fresh lime slices. Chill 4 hours. Makes 6-8 servings.



EASY RUM BABA

Beat 3 eggs until light and frothy. Gradually, beat in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar and continue beating until pale and thick. Sift $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour with 1 tablespoon baking powder. Add gradually to egg mixture, beating after each addition. When most of the flour has been added, start adding 6 tablespoons melted butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm milk, combined. Pour smooth batter into greased 6-cup, tall mold. Bake at 350° for 40 minutes until firm and golden. Let cool in pan 5 minutes, turn out and split into four layers. Pour two thirds of rum syrup (opposite) over cut layers. Let cool. Combine 2 cups sweetened whipped cream or topping with 2 tablespoons Myers's Rum, folding lightly. Before serving, reassemble cake, filling with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream between each layer. Glaze top with remaining rum syrup stirred with 2 tablespoons apple jelly, then garnish with remaining whipped cream. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



Photo by [illegible]

game™
game, too

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Your Basic Bar Inventory Plus... Helpful Hints Every Bartender Should Know

Mixers, Garnishes & Flavors

Though you'll most likely be matching the special tastes of your group, here is a list of the basics that go into the preparation of many popular Myers's Rum drinks.

Fruit Juices	Lemon/Lime Wedges
Tomato Juice	Orange Slices
Cola	Fresh Bananas, Strawberries, Pineapple
Tonic Water	Maraschino Cherries
Vermouth	Worcestershire Sauce
Coconut Cream	Tabasco Sauce
Lime Juice	Sugar
Angostura Bitters	Coarse Salt
Triple Sec	Fresh Ground Pepper

Useful Home Bar Tools & Glassware

Jigger	Ice Tongs
Citrus Squeezer	Highball Glass
Fine Strainer	Sour Glass
Bottle Cap Opener	Old Fashioned Glass
Pitcher	Cocktail Glass
Cocktail Shaker	Stemmed Wine Glass
Stir Rod	Goblet
Short & Long Toothpicks	Champagne Glass
Sharp Paring Knife	Punchbowl with Cups
Ice Bucket	Mug or heat-proof Glass

Helpful Hints!

Before a large party, preseason a pitcher of tomato juice for Myers's Marys, or prepare a pitcher of Daiquiri mixture or Pina Colada mixture. Add liquor and shake or blend just before serving.

Shake drinks for a frothy top, such as a Myers's Sunny Sour.

Blend or beat drinks that should be foamy throughout, such as a Myers's Pina Colada. Ice becomes aerated if you whirl it with the drink in a blender, or shake it hard enough.

Ice goes into the glass first. Liquor gets poured over ice for clear cocktails; modifying ingredients are then added. When sugar or fruit juices are added, these go into the glass first, then liquor is added.

Ice is nice! You need three large ice cubes for each short drink, four for tall drinks. So you need plenty! To make clear cubes, boil water first and let it cool before freezing. After ice has set, empty trays into plastic storage bags and store them in the freezer. If you plan on serving punch, freeze some ice blocks, in molds or even washed milk cartons. Large blocks last longer and will dilute the punch less.

Serve Myers's hot drinks very hot, in handled mugs. To avoid cracking, place a silver spoon in the glass before pouring a hot beverage.

game, too

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MYERS'S RUM

It's your "Secret
Ingredient" for the
Best-Tasting food and
drink recipes ever!

Sunday curl

The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and the weather is just what you need for a perfect Sunday. But what if you're looking for a little extra something to make your day even better? Myers's Rum is the answer. It's the "Secret Ingredient" for the best-tasting food and drink recipes ever!

Myers's Rum is a smooth, mellow rum that's perfect for sipping or mixing into your favorite drinks. It's made from the finest sugarcane in the Caribbean, and it's been aged for a long time to give it that smooth, mellow flavor. Myers's Rum is the perfect addition to any drink, and it's the "Secret Ingredient" for the best-tasting food and drink recipes ever!

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leyball, racquetball and basketball, and worked her way up through the ranks of competitive curling, starting at age 14 as a junior.

But for Jones, curling is almost a family affair. She has always played with her sisters Barbara and Monica. "We used to go home after a game and talk about what went wrong, or right, all night." And she believes for a team to be successful, its members must first be compatible. "Everyone must be able to take criticism, and not take it personally," she says.

Jones is an intuitive curler, and trusts her strength and experience to put her in the proper frame of mind for tournaments. "Everyone on our team is in excellent physical shape," she says. "We run, train with weights, do aerobics all on our own." She practises no more than two hours a day during the season. And when the ice is out, she doesn't want to hear the word "curling."

"In the summer, I bike, I work, I lie around in the sun. I do not think about the winter at all," she says.

Still, she agrees that attitude is the key to the game. "You must have a very clear mind on the ice. I try to handle all my stress before I play. I let it take me over, and then I'm ready."

Who can be sure which style is most effective? Both LaRocque and Jones have been successful. And while there's no love lost between them, they respect each other's talent. "We feel that we can last," LaRocque says. "Our stamina is better than most teams' because we've got ourselves into shape. We try not to worry about the other teams at all. Still, Colleen's team is the one to watch."

"We're all good friends on my team," Jones says. "And we work well together. Our success depends on taking one step at a time, and keeping an eye on the competition."

LaRocque and Jones agree that women's curling in Nova Scotia has come of age in a way that men's curling

hasn't. "It took women here a long while to climb that wall of western teams," LaRocque says. "Technically, our men throw the stone better than the westerners. It's all just a matter of confidence."

"Nova Scotia's women are now a force to be reckoned with," Jones says. "All it will take for men to succeed in the same way is for one local team to get over that western hump."

LaRocque and Jones aren't certain

where curling will take them. LaRocque is looking only as far ahead as the next Provincial Championship. Jones, on the other hand, wants 10 Canadian titles under her belt before she retires permanently. One thing is sure. In a sport so often linked with the geriatric sector of our society, LaRocque and Jones are a couple of Knute Rocknes on ice: "Show me a good loser, and I'll show you a loser." Neither woman is a good loser.



"Scotland's ain game" became Canada's game, too

It's impossible to know the who, when and where of the birth of curling. Prehistoric boys may well have amused themselves by sliding rocks on ice. Oils by Flemish painter Pieter Bruegel reveal that as far back as 1565, men in the Low Countries played a game much like curling. No one can actually prove that Lowland Scots were also curling that early, but it's impossible to dispute historian David B. Smith's claim that "it was in Scotland that the game developed, and from Scotland that it has been given to the rest of the world. . . . The fantastic growth in the game that occurred in 19th-century Scotland, when it was played in nearly every parish in the land, and by all classes of the population — at a time when golf was largely restricted to the coastal strip around the Forth, and football was in its infancy — entitles curling to claim to be Scotland's national game." Thus, "the roaring game," otherwise known as "ye glorious pastime," was also "Scotland's ain game."

It was certainly widespread in the Lowlands by the late 1600s, and a century later an English visitor described it as "peculiar to the Scots." By then, the more passionate Scottish curlers had begun to form clubs and draw up rules to govern both the playing and boisterous dinner parties that followed the contests.

Upon founding a club in 1821, curlers in Peebles swore by a constitution that began: "None of the Pastimes in which Scotsmen indulge have given occasion to such a diversity of opinion as our National Manly Game of Curling. By some it has been reprobated in the severest terms, and represented as an encouragement to idleness, a temptation to profane swearing, an incitement to quarrelling and an inducement to dissipation: By others it has been extolled in the language of unqualified panegyric and declared to be friendly to innocence, conducive to health, favorable to temperance, and contributive to social intercourse." The men of Peebles left no doubt as to their sympathies in the controversy. They were "united in a Game, the darling of our forefathers."

Canadian legend has it that Scottish soldiers, having helped Commander James Wolfe take Quebec in 1759, melted down cannon balls to fashion makeshift curling stones and thus introduced the game to North America. Later, a French-Canadian farmer wrote, "I saw a band of Scots, who were throwing large balls of iron, made like kettles, on the ice, after which they shouted 'Soup, soup [Sweep, sweep]!' Then they laughed like madmen. I do believe that they really are mad." Halifax curlers had their own club in the 1820s. The Avalon Club was born in St. John's in 1843, and by then curling had also taken root in the thoroughly Scottish Pictou County, N.S., notably at Pictou town and Albion Mines (Stellarton).

Curling was not just a sport. It was also an agreement to put aside snobbishness and class distinction. Brotherhood was as important as victory, and in February, 1920, when the South End Club of Halifax beat New Glasgow, the New Glasgow *Evening Chronicle* complained, "The South Enders enjoy a rather doubtful reputation as mug-hunters and poor sports. There is a cadish, superior air about them that does not commend them to the average country-town curler."

Speaking of superior airs, Scottish curling authority John Kerr wrote in 1890, "Ladies do not curl — on the ice. The Rational Dress Association has not yet secured for them the freedom that is necessary to fling the channel-stane, and like Her Majesty at Scone, the majority find the curling stones too heavy for their delicate arms." But in 1902-3, Kerr was captain of a Scottish team that came to Canada, and in both Montreal and Quebec City, teams of Canadian women trounced the Scottish men. As David B. Smith wrote in his *Curling: An Illustrated History* (1981), "So much for the ladies' 'delicate arms'!" Even if TV actor Raymond Burr (*Perry Mason*, *Ironsides*, etc.) was exaggerating when he said, "Sure I curl, we all curl in Canada," Penny LaRocque and Colleen Jones are part of a pretty long tradition.

— Harry Bruce



Jones is an intuitive curler

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is the favourite fitness activity
of Canadians.
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jogging and gardening."***

*Canada Fitness Survey, Government of Canada Fitness and Amateur Sport.



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Nova Scotia



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STARTING JANUARY

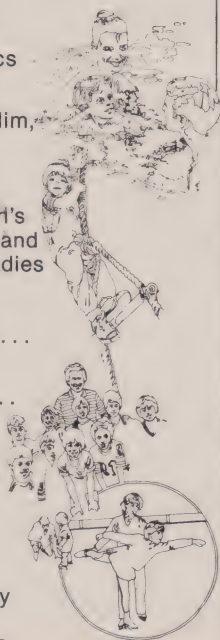
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LOOKING GOOD

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The first step: Get up off your seat!

The road to hell, they say, is paved with good intentions.

One could also say the same about the road to physical fitness. Unfortunately, good intentions won't strengthen your heart, flatten your pot, or firm up your gluteus maximus.

Exercise, regular exercise is part of the answer. Diet is another. Add them both together and call it lifestyle modification. When you think about it, telling people you are modifying your lifestyle seems much more meaningful than just saying you're trying to get fit, or lose weight.

While there will be many people who regard the current interest in physical fitness as just a passing fancy, it is actually a trend that has been steadily growing over the past 15 years. The movement can actually be traced back to the late 1950s, because it was in 1959 that Prince Philip remarked in an address to the Canadian Medical Association that Canadians were not as fit as they should be. That comment seemed to get a lot of people up off their seats.

His message was driven home the following year by Canada's poor showing at the Rome Olympics.

Today, more than 50% of the Canadian population over the age of 10 are involved in some form of recreational physical activity.

And now, you want to join them!

Like most would-be exercisers, you have probably tried to start fitness programs. Lord, how you've tried! If you are even halfway serious, your bookshelves are crowded with such rewarding-sounding tomes as, "Two Minutes a Day to a Perfect Physique," or "How to Flatten Your Stomach Sitting at Your Desk."

You may also have tried the low-tech route, and sent away for those rope, pulley and rubber devices that you hang on the doorknob and then try and figure out which bit goes where. A few such devices lying around and you could be seen as a touch kinky.

In actual fact, at the very beginning of the development of the NEW YOU, you don't need any equipment. And not a great deal of resolve, either. Just take a walk. Remember the old Participation battle-cry, "Walk a block a day." Take a walk every day. Make walking a habit, it will be one of your better ones. A brisk 20-minute walk every day can burn off 20 lbs in one year, and it will be getting

and keeping you in shape.

It would help, if you decide on a walking program, to get yourself some decent walking shoes. Not heavy leather brogues with one-inch wing-tips. Walking shoes. Or running shoes. Just because you're wearing running shoes doesn't mean you have to run. They're good for walking because they're lightweight and designed to support your feet. Take your first walk to a good sporting goods store, tell them the kind of program you're planning and they'll be more than happy to make sure the shoe fits.

If it has been a couple of decades since your last exercise program, or if you are vastly overweight, have heart problems, or you're diabetic, best see your doctor before you start. An unusual level of activity can place a strain on your heart, not to mention your feet and your knees. Get professional help in establishing your program, and have your progress monitored along the way.

The Nova Scotia Sport Medicine Clinic, the only one of its kind in Canada, does fitness analysis. The Halifax YMCA has a unique preventive medicine facility that is in the forefront of the drive to promote better health through better fitness.

If you have no local fitness testing facility, check with your local Y, the physical education department at the nearest university, or your provincial Department of Health.

The growing interest in physical fitness has led to something of a boom in the fitness business. Most private organizations are well managed and staffed by highly trained fitness counsellors. But as yet, there are no standards. This is a situation that is presently being attended to by the Canadian Association of Sport Sciences, which is in the process of establishing fitness appraisal certification and accreditation programs.

Even so, you have to take the ultimate responsibility for your own performance and your own progress. When you are working on a fitness program, don't be in too big a hurry, establish your goals and reach them at a pace that suits you. Learn how to take your pulse, so that you can monitor the effect of your activity. Don't be afraid to slow down. You can't expect to overcome the bad effects of years of sloth in just a couple of months.

Develop a fitness program that you enjoy. Fitness should be fun, or you will think of all kinds of reasons to abandon your program.

Here's one reason to start and maintain a program: Among a mass of other findings from the 1981 Canada Fitness Survey, we see that active Canadians are more likely to be — ready for it — westerners!

Surely, we're not going to take that lying down.

The way of the Ys

George Williams, a young clerk, founded the Young Men's Christian Association in London, England, in 1844. Just seven years later, this idea whose time had come crossed the Atlantic and in December, 1851, Canada's first Y was opened in Montreal.

After that, the rest is history. And you get the distinct idea that if George hadn't done it, someone else surely would have by now.

You'll find the Y in every major centre of Atlantic Canada, a total of seven community service centres.

For many people, men and women, the Y is where they had their first taste of physical training and organized exercise and sport. "Going to the Y" said it all. While the original intent was to strengthen morals as much as muscles, it was the opportunities offered for physical development and recreation that established the foundation for the Y's growth.

This doesn't mean that the Y is no longer concerned with the other aspects of life. The statement of purpose really hasn't changed: "The YMCA is a world wide fellowship dedicated to the growth of persons in spirit, mind and body, and in a sense of responsibility to each other and to the human community."

If you are looking to become involved in your community, or if you are simply looking for a fitness program for yourself, try the Y.

The women's Y

The Halifax YWCA offers a wide variety of programs aimed at the special needs of women. At the same time, many programs are also offered for co-ed participation.

There is a complete fitness facility — pool, gymnasium, fitness studio with universal equipment, sauna, tennis courts. During weekdays, you'll find people here pursuing fitness from 7:30 in the morning to 8:00 p.m. There are also weekend classes, as the Women's Y tries to be flexible in meeting the special and changing needs of people in the community.

The fitness classes are categorized by levels — mild, moderate and intense.

The mild level is for women with little or no fitness ability or training. This is an important group, and there are several classes. Ask about the newest, "39 Forever."

At the other end of the fitness scale is the intense group. This group has a

high fitness level and is always working at improvement too.

At the Women's Y, you'll also find jazzercise, dancercise, belly dancing, social and jazz dancing classes; fitness and nutritional counselling.

If it's in a woman's interest — you'll find it at the Women's Y.

The ounce of prevention

There are times when it looks as though we are our own worst enemies.

We eat the wrong kinds of food, and too much of them; we drink too much alcohol; we smoke, and if that's not bad enough, pollute the very air we breathe; we create stress and tension by the pace of our modern lifestyle.

If that's a gloomy scenario, it's also a very common one. And you have to ask, is there any hope?

Sure there is! You'll find it on South Park Street in Halifax. Not with a bunch of starry-eyed idealists, but with a group of dedicated professionals under the direction of Dr. Pat Beresford.

When Pat Beresford graduated from Dalhousie Medical School, she knew she didn't want to follow the path of general practice. With a background in fitness, and with both an inherent and professional interest in nutrition, the relatively untouched area of preventive medicine had the greatest appeal.

The medical establishment, an essentially conservative and traditionalist group, was a little skeptical; but interested, generally open-minded, and now increasingly supportive.

Dr. Beresford's ideas finally came to fruition after meetings with the Halifax YMCA, and in 1978, the Halifax YMCA Preventive Medicine Centre opened its doors.

Obviously, you can't just hang out a shingle and invite people to drop in if they feel they might be going to get sick. What you can do, what Dr. Beresford's group did, and still does, is to create programs that tackle some of the basic causes of ill-health.

The group introduced fitness testing and exercise prescriptions. They developed programs and delivered seminars on fitness and nutrition, stress management and weight reduction.

An early associate of Dr. Beresford's established the heart rehabilitation program that is now blossoming and expanding under Dr. Rob Tremaine's supervision.

The Centre is involved in pre- and post-natal fitness and exercise programs. Today, there are programs for asthmatics, children and adults; programs for the elderly, for women over 40, for people with back problems.

The Preventive Medicine Centre, although limited by funding and always operating within a tight budget, is constantly reviewing its programs and

assessing their relevancy in the community. Programs developed here are in use in other Ys throughout the region.

The Halifax YMCA Preventive Medicine Centre is a unique and invaluable regional resource. It is still the only one of its kind attached to a Y, anywhere in Canada.

Remember, prevention is usually a lot easier, and cheaper, than cure.

Exercise after a heart attack

A heart attack is usually a devastating event, raising real fears of impending death.

The recovery period is one of major adjustment, with overwhelming anxieties about loss of performance at work and in family life. Many victims suffer from periods of depression, lack of confidence and self-esteem. There is concern with getting on with life, and the how and when of picking up the pieces and becoming involved in day-to-day living, including work, physical activities and sexual relations.

The Halifax YMCA offers a "Change of Heart" program for men and women who have had one or more heart attacks. It is based on a program designed and set up in Toronto in 1968, by Dr. Terry Kavanaugh, a prominent specialist in rehabilitative medicine. Research has shown that under the right conditions, heart attack victims can exercise safely; secondly, these exercise programs have great physical and psychological benefits.

It often happens that a patient is physically capable of carrying on a normal life, but the mental attitude holds him back. So the aim of "Change of Heart" is not just physical conditioning, but, just as important, helping the patients realize that they can become active, functioning members of society again. The program's exercise sessions are twice-weekly classes held at the Halifax YMCA. Each class begins with a warm-up consisting of flexibility and stretching routines, led by a trained physical educator. Then the individuals follow their own personal exercise prescription, walking or jogging around the track. These exercise prescriptions are established by the physician co-ordinating the program, together with an advisory cardiac committee.

In conjunction with the exercise classes, there is a series of talks on topics related to the program, such as stress management, nutrition, cardiac medications, and the psychological aspects of heart disease.

If you are interested, or you know of someone the program could help, you can get complete information by contacting: Dr. Rob Tremaine, Halifax YMCA Preventive Medicine Centre, Box 3024, Halifax South, N.S., B3J 3H1. Or call: (902) 422-6437. ●

LOOKING GOOD

FEELING GREAT

Dressing the part

If you can't fight wear a big hat.

Maybe that same philosophy can be applied to the wearers of the gaudy new plumage on view in today's better sports stores. If you don't run, jog, ski or play racquetball, it does no harm to look as though you do. And come to think of it, when was the last time you saw anyone playing rugby in a pair of those pastel rugby pants? Further proof, if any needed, that clothes don't make the man. Woman. Or player.

However, the boom in physical fitness and Participation has meant, if you'll pardon the expression, a blessing in disguises for the retailers. Cleve's, a major regional sports store, has seen a 60% increase in the sale of sports clothing over the past five to seven years.



Gordini Ski Hat
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Slalom Sweater
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Lange Skis
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PHOTOS BY DON ROBINSON



Jantzen Tennis Shirt
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Jantzen Tennis Shorts
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\$30.00
Wilson Sports Bag
\$30.00
Leader Safety
Glasses
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Ektelon Racquet
\$140.00
Slazenger Sockettes
\$3.00
Adidas Sweatband
\$1.00

When you talk sports clothing these days, you are definitely not talking T-shirts, cutoffs, and maybe a baggy grey sweat suit. No way. High fashion has hit the courts, designer shorts and woolly leg warmers are all the rage.

It used to be that the manufacture of sports clothing was just a sideline for a few regular clothing companies. There'd be whites for tennis, and all that funny gear for hockey.

But today, specialized manufacturers in all parts of the world are jumping aboard the bandwagon and catering to a seemingly ever-growing market. Happily, it's the consumer who benefits. Big business means big competition for sales, which leads to ongoing research into better designs, and helps maintain reasonable prices.

The sports clothing you buy today offers

you, not just a greater variety in color and style, but greater effectiveness in its ability to cover and protect you in your chosen activity.

It's a whole new business, as you can tell from just looking at some of the brand names. While Stanfield and Cooper are still up there, try and figure when Adidas, Nike and New Balance appeared on the sporting scene.

As the sport clothing business has grown bigger and more competitive, the quality of the people involved in the business has likewise improved. As Cleve's Halifax manager Lorne MacLellan puts it, "We don't expect all our people to be sports champions, although some are; we do expect them to be knowledgeable on the products they sell, and able to talk with some experience when making comparisons and



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Phantom Tights
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Adidas Gymnastic Slippers
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\$85.00
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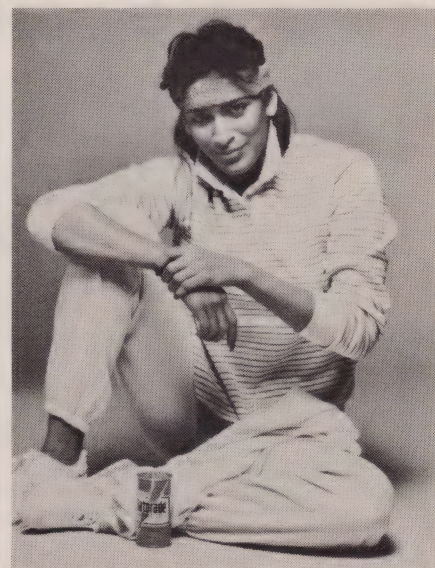
helping you with your choice."

This is important. Look at shoes for example. The choice is incredible, and getting the right fit and type is essential for your comfort and safety. And while you may end up with shoes that look as though they were designed by some color-crazed cobbler in Disneyland, they'll fit you better, support you better, and possibly improve your performance.

Now, having said all that, it's only fair to point out that all this fancy stuff isn't absolutely essential. Johnny Miles ran his marathons in old-fashioned sneakers. But then, he didn't have any choice.

You do. To the point where you can look good just standing around.

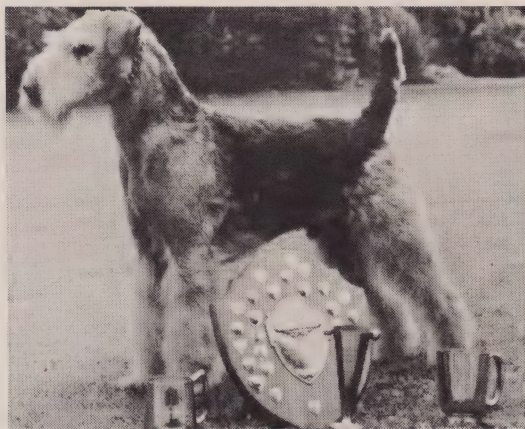
But if you're dressed for the part, why not play it!



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ANCIENT

Fitness: It's all in the mind

The Canadian fascination with fitness, diet and exercise is a relatively recent phenomenon.

Think back to the time when our society was essentially physically oriented — with hard manual labor the lot of most workers. Compare that scenario with the way things are today, with the really heavy work being done by machines. In the home we have vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, hair dryers; few women do the laundry by slapping wet clothes against the rocks, few men have to split wood for heating and cooking.

Unfortunately, when the daily routines stopped providing a daily physical workout, we literally went to pot. We didn't replace the physical activity, and we didn't change our eating habits.

Something had to give. And it was our collective waistbands.

Now it seems, everyone is (or should be) looking for a way to get some regular exercise. Naturally, a great many people are looking for the newest, fastest way to get back in shape.

Meanwhile, there's a fitness regime that has surely passed the test of time.



That is, if you believe that 6,000 years is long enough for a program to prove itself. A program that continues to appeal to a wide range of people in Atlantic Canada. Students, housewives, mothers-to-be, businesspeople, doctors, lawyers, truck-drivers are discovering its beneficial effects. It isn't newer or faster. It is undoubtedly older, possibly slower, and definitely more involving.

The secret of Yoga is that it is con-

cerned with the whole you — physical, mental, and spiritual. Yoga works from within, recognizing that your attitude toward yourself is key to your over-all well-being.

The science of Yoga has many branches or divisions, with Hatha Yoga being the one concerned with physical well-being. Hatha Yoga itself also has several stages, but for most people, the first two — postures and breathing — will be as far as they go.

Yoga places great emphasis on breathing. Life is a series of breaths, from the first breakthrough breath of a baby, to the last rattling gasp of the dying man. While you can go for weeks without food, days without water, see how long you will last without breathing.

Many popular forms of physical training are involved with vigorous activity, and a high level of competition. A combination that succeeds in putting off as many people as it attracts.

Yoga's techniques for physical and mental relaxation still have a role in 20th century life.

Obviously, Yoga is not a fad or a passing fancy. Nor is it the answer for everyone. Some people will be too impatient, unable to slow down long enough to see a different way to go. Probably, they are the people who need Yoga the most.

AND MODERN

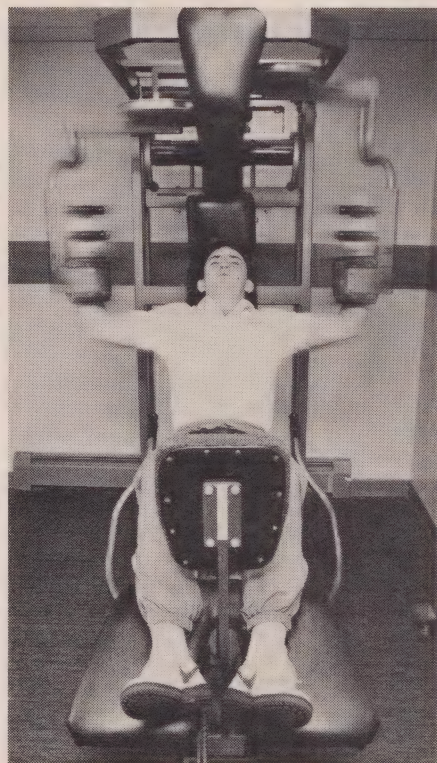
Fitness: The high-tech approach

It had to happen. We live in a world of technology, where engineers receive greater recognition than do philosophers, and finding machines to do the work has been an honorable pursuit since the Industrial Revolution.

Which is not to say that Nautilus and similar machines take the work out of getting fit. Rather, they let you apply your effort more scientifically, reducing waste effort, and speeding the process of strengthening and shaping.

This equipment is designed to quickly produce large-scale increases in your strength, endurance, and flexibility. And a workout provides the cardiovascular exercise necessary to maintain high efficiency of the heart and circulatory system. In a well-equipped training centre you'll find machines specifically designed to work every muscle group.

Not too long ago, this kind of equip-



ment was confined to the training rooms of the major professional sports teams. Football and baseball teams swore by their efficiency. Hockey players used them to improve their speed, strength, and flexibility.

Universities, high schools and the good old "Y" went the high-tech route; for the simple reason that it works.

You'll also find these machines in rehabilitation centres. Because of the precise control, specific areas to be exercised can be isolated and treated.

It is this ability to finely control the machine, and graduate the effort involved, that makes them universally acceptable. Under controlled conditions, and with expert supervision, children, men and women at all levels of physical fitness can work out by machine.

Obviously, supervisors and instructors should be highly trained, have thorough knowledge of the equipment, and, most important of all are knowledgeable about the workings of that most incredible of all machines: The human body.

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LOOKING GOOD FEELING GREAT

Facing up to winter

Our modern lifestyle plays havoc
with our bodies in so many ways.

Consider the treatment handed out to
our skin, our largest organ. We go from
the hot dry inside to the cold wet outside.

Our skin also suffers from self-in-
flicted abuse, such as the long-term use
of harsh, irritating cleansers. Some med-
icated and perfumed creams do more
harm than good. Even certain medicines
and hormones have a detrimental effect
on the skin. Not to mention tension,
emotional disturbances, and for some,
over indulgence in alcohol. And if that's
not enough, our skin, along with all our
other parts, just naturally ages.

The main characteristic associated
with aging of the skin is the loss of
moisture, caused in part by the body's
slow down in the production of collagen
— collagen being the main component
in the connective tissue that enables our
bodies to retain moisture.

Nora Flanagan and Susan Alward of
Interlude in Dartmouth are in the front
rank in the battle to delay the aging pro-
cess of the skin. As licensed estheticians,
they can examine your skin and deter-
mine exactly the treatment it needs. They
can show you how to replenish moisture
and vital nutrients. A combination of
salon treatments and an individualised
home program will help you face up to
the world with a skin that is healthy, and
looks it!

You can skip exercise

Now why would you be interested in
skipping exercise? To which the smart
answer is: 15 minutes of rope jumping
or skipping is the equivalent in cardi-
ovascular exercise to three sets of tennis,
bicycling three miles, swimming 700
yards in 17 to 23 minutes, running a mile
in eight minutes, walking two miles in 20
minutes, or playing handball for 30
minutes.

It is incredible to realize that an ex-
ercise that we usually think of as a child's
game, can be so beneficial to us as
adults. And you'll probably find it just
as much fun today as you did when you
were a kid. But initially, anyway, prob-
ably not quite as easy!

While skipping can be fun, it is also
a serious exercise. You should take the
same precautions starting a skipping pro-
gram as you would with jogging or run-
ning. Don't overdo it. Keep a check on
your pulse rate. And if you haven't done
any exercise since the last time you
skipped as a child, best get a fitness
check. Jump to it!

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FITNESS NOW • AND HOW

How to get fit without jogging

Jogging's a great way to get fit. But
it's not the only way to go.

For example...you could go for a
swim, Jim; learn to roller skate,
Kate; don't worry if it's new,
Sue...just get up and go.

After all...hiking's got appeal,
Neal; fencing's A-O.K., Jay; just do
what you please, Louise...Lots of
things are fun.

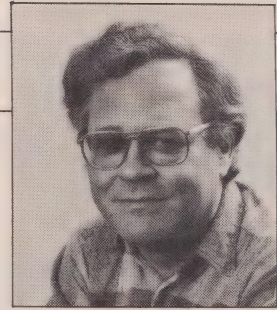
So...get up off your rump,
Gump; don't hold yourself back,
Mack; just take off the brake,
Jake...That's the way to move.

And remember...three times a
week, Zeke; or every other day,
Ray; just make that your plan, Stan
(Fran, Dan or Jan)...And get your-
self fit.

There must be fifty ways to get
yourself fit. AND HOW!



Get ready for Future Bible



"Vengeance is mine," saith the Lady

Mother, forgive them, for they know not what they do. They are the U.S. National Council of Churches and, to give women a fair shake in the Bible, they issued something called the Inclusive Language Lectionary "for operational use in congregational worship." The idea is to remove from selected Bible passages all evidence of male, chauvinist pigginess. The Bible, for all its virtues, strikes some as the most powerful source of discrimination against broads in the history of the western world; and the council feels it's time the good book recognized them "as full human beings, as first-class participants."

Since long before the feminist movement, certain women have dared to wonder how come God always gets to be a man. Well, the lectionary at last settles that age-old injustice once and for all. To do so, it uses two simple techniques: 1) give God two sexes; and 2) give It no sex. According to Technique 1, "God, the Father" becomes "God, the Father and Mother." Since the lectionary also abolishes sexist "kingdom" in favor of neuter "realm," the Lord's Prayer must now begin, "Our Father and Mother, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy names. Thy realm come. Thy will be done in earth, as they are in heaven."

If God cannot be exclusively male, neither can Jesus. Thus "the Son" of God becomes "the Child" and, so far as I can figure it all out, the Holy Trinity becomes a divine quartet, something like a heavenly Carter family: "The Father, the Mother, the Child, and the Holy Ghost." But perhaps Technique 2, the assertion of a sexless divinity, is a better way to leach the masculinity from the Holy Trinity. The lectionary replaces "Lord" with "Sovereign One," the "Son of Man" with "Human One," so how about "The Sovereign One, the Human One, and the Holy Ghost"? Will you settle for that? No? Well, try this on for size: "The Sovereign One is my shepherd, I shall not want. It maketh me to lie down in green pastures; It leadeth me beside the still waters."

"Brethren" is out. "Sisters and brothers" are in. Thus, from Psalms, "Behold how pleasant it is for sisters and brothers to dwell together in unity!" "King" is out, but "Ruler" or "Monarch" is in. Thus, from Zechariah, "Behold, the Ruler cometh unto thee . . . lowly, and riding upon an ass." If you feel such meddling crushes the bluebell of poetry, and that a Bible without poetry is a Bible without power,

well, that's just tough bananas. For Dr. Burton H. Throckmorton Jr. of the Bangor Theological Seminary says, "When you weigh the violation against [women's] personhood against the violation of esthetic sensibility, then you have to violate esthetic sensibility." Throckmorton sounds like he'd happily approve, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward persons."

He was among those who actually did approve this abominable version of John 3:16-17: "For God so loved the world that God gave God's only Child, that whoever believes in that Child should not perish but have eternal life. For God sent that Child into the world, not to condemn the world, but that through that Child the world might have life." I'm sorry, Throckmorton, but even if this confession re-

"Fair is fair, however. If women claim God as their own, they'll have to take the devil, too"

veals me as a pig who violates personhoods, I'm bound to say I still prefer, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son . . ."

Are the godless Commies behind all this? Premier John Buchanan of Nova Scotia believes it was the socialists who inspired Pierre Trudeau ruthlessly to impose the metric system on a freedom-loving people; and if that's true, then surely evil Reds are capable of destroying the Bible's magic. Enemies of desexing the Bible, however, denounce the lectionary simply as "a work of Satan," and it could well be that Satan, whose sex does not appear to be in doubt, has only just begun his fiendish campaign. "We're taking one step forward," Throckmorton says, "and I believe it's a

step that is well worth taking."

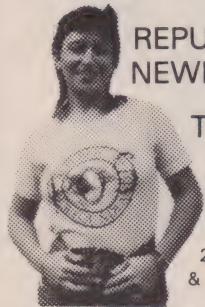
A step suggests a further step, and devilish logic suggests that, since men have always had things all their own way in the Bible, it's only fair that, for a few centuries anyway, the good book give the edge not just to personkind but to womankind. In ancient times, after all, the very peoples who laid the foundations of western thought worshipped divine earth mothers, mighty goddesses, immortal, all-powerful and unquestionably female deities from whom all blessings flowed. These babies, of course, could also be as vengeful and disciplinary as any Jehovah. One did not trifle with the likes of Artemis, Astarte, and Ma. (That's right. Ma. They loved her in Cappadocia.)

The lectionary, I'm afraid, can only be a reconnaissance foray for a feminist horde that's about to storm the Bible's ramparts; turn each of its strutting males into a humble charperson, with instructions to "set thine house in order"; and install a Woman on the throne. Actually, this coup might not be so bad. If we can't have "the Lord," surely "the Lady" is better than "Sovereign One." I mean, I'll be glad when they say unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lady. Moreover, I like the idea of Adam and Eve hearing the voice of the Lady God walking in the garden in the cool of the day. After all, the Lady gave, and the Lady hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lady. Be strong and of good courage: Be not afraid; neither be thou dismayed: For the Lady thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. And the trees of the Lady are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which she hath planted. Glorify your Mother, which is in heaven. In my Mother's house are many mansions, but where is she that is born Queen of the Jews?

Fair is fair, however. If women claim God as their own, they'll have to take the devil, too. For eons now, we men have been blamed for Satan's activities. We're mad as hell and we aren't going to take it anymore. From now on, she's Satana, as in "Get thee behind me, Satana," and, "The Lady said unto Satana, Whence comest thou? Then Satana answered the Lady, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

Forgive me. I'm only trying to get myself ready for tomorrow's Bible. Why do I bother? Why do I care? And while I'm asking questions, dear Lady, am I my sibling's keeper?

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CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Jan. — Moncton Alpines play: Nova Scotia, Jan. 5; New Hampshire, Jan. 7; Adirondack, Jan. 18, 21; Binghamton, Jan. 25; Fredericton, Jan. 29. Coliseum, Moncton

Jan. — Fredericton Express play: New Hampshire, Jan. 1, 5, 9; Nova Scotia, Jan. 14; Adirondack, Jan. 19; Moncton, Jan. 23; Binghamton, Jan. 28; Maine, Jan. 31. Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Jan. — Théâtre New Brunswick presents "Count Dracula": Jan. 21-28, The Playhouse, Fredericton; Jan. 30, Cité des Jeunes, Edmundston; Jan. 31, Théâtre Restigouche, Campbellton

Jan. — Winter Carnivals: "Carnaval du Siffleux", Jan. 29-Feb. 4, Beresford; Jan. 27-29, Charlo; Jan. 26-29, Drummond; Jan. 8-14, Fredericton; "Winter Blaze", Jan. 26-29, Moncton; Jan. 24-29, Néguaq; Jan. 29-Feb. 4, Sackville; Jan. 27-Feb. 5, Shediac; Jan. 26-29, Verret

Jan. — New Brunswick Fraser Circuit Races: Jan. 14, Edmundston; Jan. 15, Campbellton; Jan. 21, Charlo

Jan. 5-8 — Christmas Invitational Hockey Tournament, Saint John

Jan. 7 — "Calling Forth the Spirits," Musée Madawaska, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Jan. 7 — Capital City Jamboree, Playhouse, Fredericton

Jan. 13-15 — Miramichi Ladies' Open Curling Bonspiel, Chatham

Jan. 13-15 — Swimming Invitational, Moncton

Jan. 14-15 — Blizzard Raiche N.B. Cup #1. Alpine Skiing, Sugarloaf Provincial Park, Campbellton

Jan. 15 — Snowmobile Drag Racing, Chipman

Jan. 20-22 — Miramichi Men's Open Curling Bonspiel, Chatham

Jan. 21-22 — Freestyle Skiing Competition, Sugarloaf Provincial Park, Campbellton

Jan. 22 — Acrobatic Ski Demonstration, Mont Farlagne, Edmundston, Saint Jacques

Jan. 22 — Women's Regional Cadet Gymnastic Competition, Fredericton

Jan. 26 — "Boule-de-Neige" cross-country ski marathon, Kouchibouguac National Park

Jan. 27-29 — Ladies N.B. Curling, Scott Tournament of Hearts

Jan. 29 — Mactaquac Snowmobile Drag Racing, Fredericton

NOVA SCOTIA

Jan. — "My Mother Was an American": Photo exhibit by Cape Breton artist Charles Murphy. Circulated by Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. College of Cape Breton Art Gallery, Sydney

Jan. — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play: Moncton, Jan. 5; Fredericton, Jan. 14;

Maine, Jan. 25; Sherbrooke, Jan. 27; Adirondack, Jan. 28. Metro Centre, Halifax

Jan. — Neptune Theatre presents Nova Scotia playwright John Gray's "You Better Watch Out, You Better Not Die," Jan. 1, 3-8; and "The Sea Horse," Jan. 20-22, 24-29, 31. Halifax

Jan. 1-29 — Painting exhibit of Group of Seven artists A.Y. Jackson, J.E.H. MacDonald and F.H. Johnston, and their colleague, Tom Thomson, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Jan. 1 — 5th Annual Sewer Bowl, Mahone Bay

Jan. 6 — Symphony Nova Scotia, chamber music series, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Jan. 6, 7, 8 — Broomball Tournament, Bridgewater

Jan. 8 — Ron Shuebrook exhibit of black and white drawings, Acadia University Art Gallery, Wolfville

Jan. 11-14 — 4th Annual Winter Antique Show, largest winter antique show in the Maritimes, Halifax Shopping Centre, Halifax

Jan. 14 — Nordic Ski Nova Scotia biathlon race, Wentworth Valley

Jan. 14 — Symphony Nova Scotia, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Jan. 15 — Honeypot cross country ski competition, Wentworth Valley

Jan. 19 — Symphony Nova Scotia, chamber music series, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Jan. 20 — Victorian Order of Nurses benefit dinner/dance, Hotel Nova Scotian, Halifax

Jan. 22 — Halifax Chamber Choir performs, First Baptist Church, Truro

Jan. 25 — Symphony Nova Scotia, pop series, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Jan. 28 — Doc Watson bluegrass concert, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Jan. — Reg Vessey exhibit, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown

Jan. 1-14 — Permanent collection display, Holland College School of Visual Arts Gallery, Charlottetown

Jan. 11-Feb. 12 — Prints and Plates: Lavalin Collection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Jan. 11-Feb. 12 — John MacGregor: A survey. Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Jan. 12-31 — "Of Men and Wood". Display from the Museum of Natural Sciences, Ottawa. Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Jan. 15 — Guitarists Paul Bernard and Marie Claude Trudeau perform, Musicians' Gallery, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Jan. 16-Feb. 4 — "My Energy": Works by Elaine Harrison of Bedeque, Holland College School of Visual Arts

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Gallery, Charlottetown
Jan. 18-Feb. 12 — Floyd Trainor exhibit, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

NEWFOUNDLAND

Jan. — Famous People Players perform at Arts and Culture Centres: Jan. 9, Stephenville; Jan. 11, Grand Falls; Jan. 12, Gander; Jan. 13-15, St. John's; Jan. 18, Corner Brook

Jan. 5-Feb. 19 — Computer drawings exhibit by Gerald Hushlak, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Jan. 13-Feb. 5 — CIL collection of major Canadian contemporary paintings, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Jan. 20 — Newfoundland geological survey maps exhibit, Harbourfront Museum, St. John's

Jan. 20 — "Collecting Manitoba's Natural Heritage": A travelling exhibit of fossils, plants, rocks, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

Jan. 20 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra performs works by Dvorák and Mendelssohn, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Jan. 27-28 — Rising Tide Theatre presents "After Joey," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Jan. 30-31 — Toronto Dance Theatre, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

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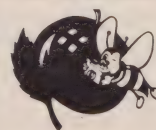


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SMALL TOWNS

Bear River, N.S.

It looks like a page from a child's storybook, all cosy and perfect. Nothing, of course, is as perfect as it seems

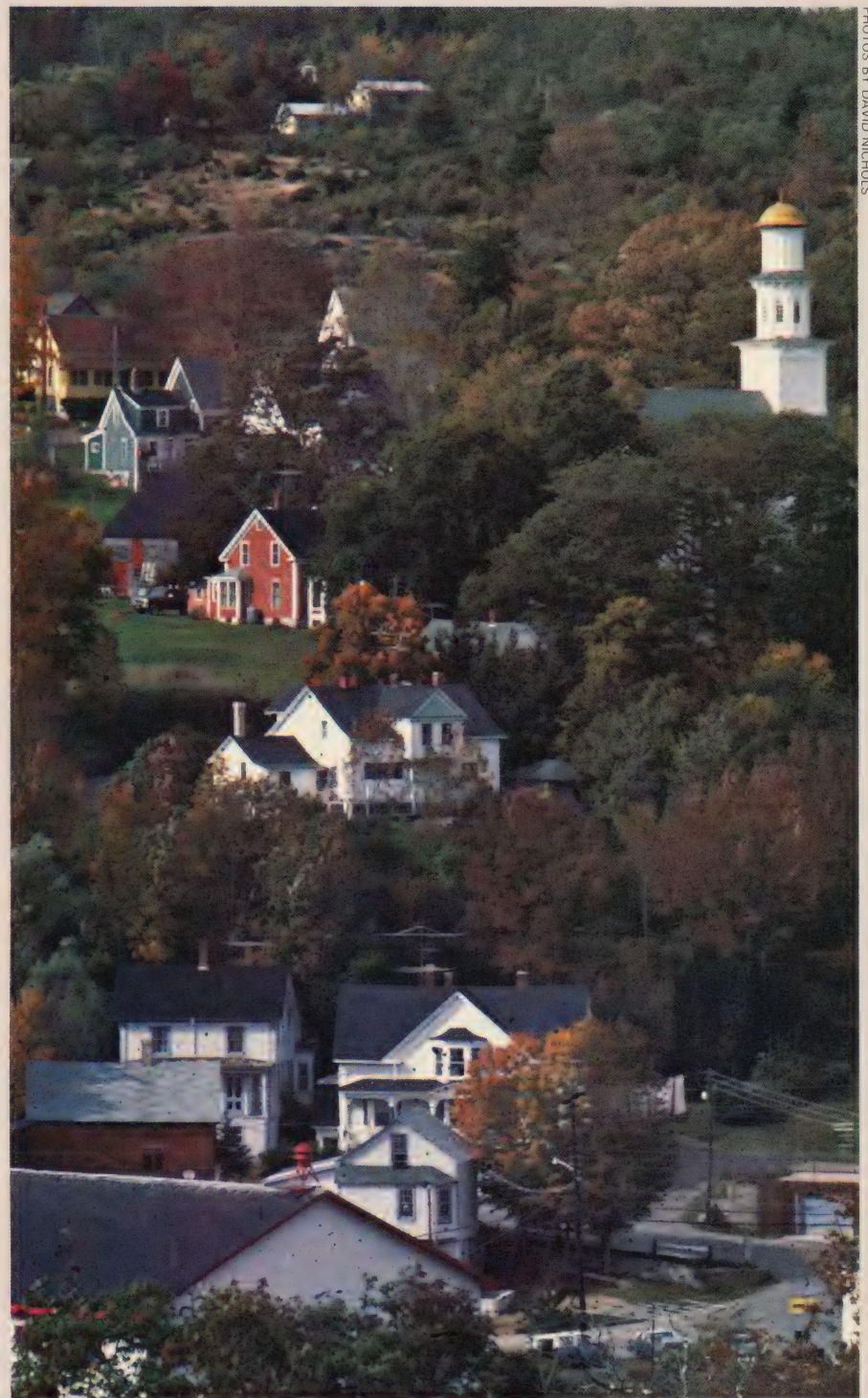
By Marian Bruce

In his soft, ecclesiastical voice, Adrian Potter is describing the violent death of Annie Kempton, 17, whose bones lie buried in front of us. The daughter of a lumberman who spent days at a time away in the woods, she was found one January day in 1896 alone in her house, with her throat slit. As Potter says, "She was murdered by a gentleman, protecting her maidenly honor." Her grave lies in a choice bit of real estate on a hill overlooking the village of Bear River, N.S. The graveyard is like a formal garden, with its masses of trees and hydrangea bushes, its graves like just-planted flower beds. On the pathways, not a pebble is out of place.

The graveyard is a shrine to the glorious past of the village below. Annie Kempton, whose short life spanned a period when Bear River was in flower, shares this space with shipbuilders, merchants, woodworkers, doctors, farmers — the bold, enterprising settlers who made this western Nova Scotia community a major industrial and trading centre for almost a century. Peter Wheeler, the "gentleman" who killed her, was not, Potter points out in typical Bear River fashion, a local fellow. "He came in on one of the ships." He was hanged, and the villagers erected a fine memorial to her, a huge, almost-black stone whose inscription praises her as "a heroine in the maintenance, unto death, of the highest virtue of a Christian civilization — the sacred honour of womanhood."

Such Victorian sentiments don't seem at all out of place here. From Annie Kempton's grave, you can look across to the other hills that surround this antique jewel of a village, and to the terraced streets, the 19th-century houses tucked behind oak, maple, ash and cherry trees, and the riverside stores along the main street, built on stilts to keep them dry at high tide. Today, the air is still, the river like glass; in the distance, you can see a man leading a yoke of red-and-white oxen up a steep road. It's like an illustration from a turn-of-the-century storybook, all cosy and perfect.

Nothing of course, is as perfect as it seems. Some see the village's serenity as another name for decay. "We are talking about people whose ancestors were a very vigorous and fine group of people," says farmwoman Elizabeth Chisholm, "but they had the rug pulled from



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

A view from the graveyard: Terraced streets, acres of trees

under them financially, and when that happened, the best people left. The problem in the village is very simple. People are sitting around, crying in their beer, picking each other apart and watching the alders grow."

Bear River no longer has any industry to speak of, so there's not much for young people in the line of work or play, and more than two-thirds of its 1,000 residents are over 65. In the Sixties and early Seventies, hordes of back-to-the-

landers invaded, with their crunchy granola, funny clothes and funny cigarettes. The few who stayed form the core of the artsy-craftsy community — "Granolas," Potter calls them — for which Bear River is noted today. The co-existence has not always been a happy one. "The people of Bear River are very patient and long-suffering," Potter says, "but one couldn't deny there's a split in town. I think it's based largely on the lifestyle. When the new people came,

they were coming in large part as [war] protesters and partly as a back-to-the-land movement, so their views were much more liberal.”

A gentle, bearded man who looks like Bonnie Prince Charlie, Potter grew up a few miles down the road and now runs a bed and breakfast place in the village. The longer he lives here, the more the pace of his life slows down; his favorite expression, “I wouldn’t worry about it,” is, he says, a Bear River saying. “Of course, nothing much gets done, because nobody worries about it.”

When he’s not running Lovett Lodge, the inn he started in 1982, Potter works as a substitute teacher, serves as secretary on the local board of trade and, as an Orthodox Church clergyman, tends a far-flung flock of about 50 families in the western end of Nova Scotia. He started out to be an Anglican priest, but midway through his studies, he became disenchanted with the denomination he grew up in and switched to the Orthodox Church. Lacking a church building, he holds services in homes or — at Christmas and Easter — in the double parlor at Lovett Lodge.

Potter’s house once belonged to Lewis Lovett, who, until he died in the Forties, was the kind of saintly physician who used to give doctors a good name. Potter is fond of serving evening tea at the lodge (home-made bread, gobs of butter, real cream) in his maroon velvet smoking jacket, which suits the ambience of the place just fine. It’s filled with Victorian antiques and royalist relics — a faded flag saying God Save the King in the front porch; a portrait of a young Queen Victoria in the parlor; Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip in color over the antique pump organ in the hall; Marys, Georges, Elizabeths, Charleses and Dianas, smiling and glowering in every room.

So far, Lovett Lodge is the only game in town; the tourists who come to Bear River today are mostly day-trippers in from Digby, 11 km northwest, or Annapolis Royal, about 16 km northeast. Until the Second World War, it was a big tourist town: Americans would flock to Bear River in summer, sometimes staying for months at a time. At one time, there were four hotels, as well as three carriage makers, two doctors, and a slew of merchants and manufacturers, including blacksmiths, stovemakers, tanners, millwrights.

The rise and fall of Bear River is a variation on an old, sad song in the Maritimes. The village was settled in the late 18th century, first by English planters, then by Loyalists and German mercenaries who fought in the American Revolution. The pioneers prospered from the area’s natural resources — the river that flows into the Annapolis Basin, the endless stands of 80-foot-high virgin timber. They cleared the land for farming, built sawmills along both banks of the river and its feeder brooks, built sea-going ships in two major shipyards,

shipped local products all over the world. Between 1860 and 1890, the village shipped more lumber overseas than any other community in Nova Scotia. Local people owned and controlled local industry. Farms lined the river, many of them producing the cherries that led the village to call itself the Cherry Orchard of Nova Scotia.

Then came the steel hull and roads, and the beginning of the end of the ship-building industry. A virus got the cherry trees just after the turn of the century, and the orchards have never recovered. Farms began to decline. “Problems began,” local historian Foster Hall says, “once the stands of timber began to run out in the immediate area, beyond the range of the river or beyond oxen range. And when the U.S. pulp



Hill: “You might as well live while you’re living”



Once, sawmills lined the river; ships came from all over the world

companies came in with their money, equipment and arrangements with government, the whole system came apart. Bear River people no longer owned the primary source of industry. After that it was all downhill. Now a generation has grown up in neglect and decay and lost touch with the community spirit considered normal 80 years ago. And that’s our major problem, and the problem of settlements throughout the Maritimes.”

Hall, a slight man with a trace of a British accent, moved to Bear River as a United Church minister and stayed on in retirement. He is credited — or blamed — for starting most of the community renovation-restoration projects of the past decade. With a slew of government grants, government-sponsored youth workers and local volunteer labor, the village — largely under the direction of the board of trade, which serves somewhat as a town council — has

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SMALL TOWNS

dumped landfill where rotting wharfs used to lie, installed a tourist bureau and a Dutch-style windmill on the waterfront, turned an old warehouse-cum-theatre into a community hall. Three years ago, local senior citizens — with another grant from the feds — published a history of Bear River, edited by Hall.

"When I started working on the book," he recalls, "a few people said, 'Who the hell does he think he is? He wasn't even born here.'"

"They treated him shamefully," Elizabeth Chisholm says bluntly. "He started the restoration work in the village, and he worked for years with almost no assistance. He was reviled for it."

Chisholm, a 56-year-old woman who could pass for 40, is up to her elbows in flour in her farm kitchen, baking her weekly dozen loaves of bread for the health food store in Digby. Three dogs, one a very pregnant Labrador retriever, sprawl in front of the big, black cooking range; a couple of sleek cats share a rocking chair. Outside, a flock of belligerent geese harass a visiting dog. The Chisholm farm, set on a hillside so steep it's been used as a ski run, is one of only three left in the village. During her husband's long illness, and after he died in 1977, Elizabeth struggled to hang on to the farm (100 acres plus woodlot and marshland) until her eldest son, George, finished agricultural college. Now she does a little freelance writing and goes to night school in Digby to catch up on her high school education. She grew up in a farming community 80 km from Bear River, and, before she married Chipman Chisholm, one of her jobs involved travelling around rural Nova Scotia, trying to organize branches of the sheepbreeders' association. She is, she says, well acquainted with the suspicion a strange face can create in a small place.

"I don't think the xenophobia here is worse than in other rural places," she says. "It's just that events here have brought it out and demonstrated it to such a striking extent. It shows up publicly in the board of trade — several members picking on every move the board has made, implying the officers are doing hanky-panky with the money, and doing things without the consent of the organization and against the will of the village. And, *worst of all*, conspiring to bring in *more strangers*. The general tone of slander at these meetings is enough to turn your stomach."

Chisholm jokes that, in Bear River, she is "a mugwump" (mug on one side of the fence, wump on the other); although she married into an old Bear River family 25 years ago, she's not a bona fide local. And this is a village where such classification counts. (Potter, in fact, has a whimsical system of subdividing the newcomers into Granolas, Semi-Granolas and People Who Run

with the Granolas.)

In her bright, sunny kitchen in centre Bear River, Dorothy Raymond, 79, holds up a framed photograph of a 19th century sailing ship built by one of her western Nova Scotia ancestors. "I want to show you that I do have roots in this area," she says. Raymond lived most of her life in the United States, but she spent months every year in Bear River as a girl, and she's been here permanently for 15 years. One of her complaints about the town is that there are too many Americans on the board of trade. "They're taking over," she says, "and fighting among themselves."

In her ruffled red blouse, her hair



Potter: "Nothing much gets done"

pinned up Gibson-girl style, she is a beautiful, vivacious woman, fond of music and drama and holiday glitter. Her Halloween bashes for the village kids are famous; in her sitting room there's a long-deceased spruce tree decorated with lights, balls, bells and tinsel. When she put the tree up 14 years ago, she promised herself she'd take it down when the needles started to fall. They never did, although they did grow brown and hard as the tree embalmed itself over the years.

She is no less attached to the good old days. "We used to see all the beautiful ships go up and down the river. They'd come from all over the world and bring in goods from all over the world. Everything was booming. The trading company's a pool hall now. It's not like

it used to be. The old people were so nice, the families so fine. Everything was beautiful. This was God's country back then."

Retired Americans with roots in Bear River have been coming to the village to live for generations. What caused a minor stir was the arrival of young Americans in the Sixties and Seventies. One summer, Elizabeth Chisholm recalls, a bunch of them set up a log cabin-teepee encampment in a two-acre field. "Bear River is a very conservative spot, and people used to drive by on Sundays and in the evenings with their eyes hanging out of their cheekbones, as if it were a zoo." The Chisholms hired six or eight of the American "hippies" that summer to help with the haying. "They were the nicest people you could ask to meet,"



Chisholm says she's a "mugwump"

Elizabeth says. "I've always enjoyed these people, but I'm very much a minority in the village with that point of view."

Many of the young immigrants went back to the city. Others — friends of friends, as well as young people from Britain and Upper Canada — took their place. Many of those who stayed took up crafts to survive.

The village now is home to cabinet-makers, potters, tailors, stained glass makers, a candlemaker, a papermaker, weavers, a fabric designer — all of whom belong to a crafts co-operative called Flight of Fancy. Two years ago, the co-op opened a store on main street that also sells, on consignment, paintings by local artists (Charles Couper and Gene Samson, formerly from the States; Rob

Buckland-Nicks, formerly from England) and photographer George Dodaro (another American).

Next door is Sophia's Bistro, the kind of trendy little spot you'd expect to find in downtown Toronto. Sophia Dubbins, who's from Toronto, serves up such exotica as herbal teas, hot-croissant sandwiches and Italian cheesecake. Like the crafts store, Sophia's depends heavily on the tourist trade, so it's closed for the winter.

The crafts co-op president is Don Frothinger, a cabinetmaker who fled Provincetown, Mass. ("a real zoo, and very expensive"), with his wife and two-year-old daughter 10 years ago. "Part of the attraction of Bear River," he says, "is that the local people are receptive to new people coming in, because there's always been a high volume of traffic here. It hasn't been an isolated community like some fishing villages, where a stranger really stands out.

"And the geography is attractive. The lack of local government is attractive. There's no zoning laws — you can do what you like. There's no dominant political body in the village that would keep people stirred up."

The Frothingers live on a 30-acre piece of land a mile from the village, with a cow, a horse and some chickens. "When we first came here, I went through a tremendous cultural shock for three or four years," he says. "Initially, there was a certain euphoria. After that, a certain feeling of isolation." He laments the lack of young people in the village; he'd like to see all his friends from the city move there, he says. But not too many tourists. "I don't see tourism as a deliverance for this village," he says. "We don't need another Peggy's Cove or P.E.I. syndrome."

That happens to be one of the most contentious issues in the village. George Dodaro, the ebullient vice-president of the board of trade, is promoting a twinning arrangement between Coral Gables, Fla., and Annapolis Royal to try to tap the large potential tourist market in the southern U.S. He knows it's there: He and his wife, Paula, moved to Bear River three years ago to escape the Florida heat. A former professional trumpet player, he now takes photographs, makes Christmas tree ornaments and promotes Bear River — tirelessly and aggressively. "I don't want Bear River to change," he says. "But it needs to have its own economy that it can control despite what may happen anywhere else. I envision the same thing here as Miami Beach used to be. Let the tourists come through, drop their bucks — it's a clean industry — and when they're gone, we all go back to our marvellous little town for the other nine months."

Even that would require some changes in the village, and, as Foster Hall observes, there is a certain resistance to change in Bear River. And a certain pessimism.

If you ask Woody Davis — product of an old Bear River family, retired bookkeeper and man-about-town — what's in store for the village, he replies briskly: "Nothing. Old age pensioners galore. Family allowance. Government grants to fix old buildings. That's it."

But Bear River is still the banana belt of the Maritimes; the average winter temperature is 32 degrees, and it has the best growing climate in Canada outside of Vancouver Island. The cherry orchards are slowly coming back, and market gardeners could produce peaches, nectarines, grapes — and earlier than anywhere else in Nova Scotia, Chisholm says. "The place could be just bursting."

It's still a village where you don't bother locking your car or house. Where you could be busy every night of the week in winter with church meetings, the garden club, the sewing circle, the historical society, card parties, bingo, suppers in the fire hall. And where an entire village will gather in church to pray for an ailing neighbor, as the people of Bear River did for Chipman Chisholm.

And the village still has spirited citizens such as Harry Hill, the dapper, cheery cemetery caretaker who's dug almost every grave here for 27 years. On a balmy November evening, Hill drops into Lovett Lodge on his way to the Legion to show a visitor one of his stunning outfits. At 70, he is a lively, laughing, terrier of a man, only five-foot-one, but strong and wiry from a lifetime of hard work. He's wearing a black velvet suit, a white, ruffled shirt, a dazzling, red-flowered tie and scarlet suede shoes. Colorful clothes are his passion, he explains, and he figures he might as well indulge himself while he's able. "I've laid away a lot of friends — and a few enemies, too. I figure you might as well live while you're living. You'll be dead long enough."

Hill, who grew up in Bear River, as his father did before him, is a village institution: On Sundays, he sets off for the Advent Church, where he used to sing in the choir, in his white suit and ruffled shirt. At Christmas, he sings at the Legion in his green pants and red velvet blazer. "They all love me, wherever I go," he says happily.

For most of the year, he takes exquisite care of the graveyard that is, as Adrian Potter says, "the pride and joy of the people of Bear River." From its sculptured slopes, even on a bleak November day, the view is as lovely as you'll find anywhere in the Maritimes. "Bear River," Potter says, "has a romantic reputation as a place where free spirits can live and prosper, so we get a lot of interesting people, even eccentric people, showing up and staying. In the old days, it was known as the artists' and poets' paradise."

It still is. And that is part of the joy of Bear River — and also part of its pain.

OLKS

club motto: "The Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Except in emergencies." The Liars' fame spread when wire services picked up a doctored photo (prepared by a member who owns a photography studio) showing the endangered Giant Water Bug crawling up King's driveway. Since then, King says, "we've had two politicians that wanted to join. We refused their application because they're professionals, and we don't want to lose our amateur status."

The story of Jim and Sandra LeMaister of New Brunswick isn't so much "rags-to-riches" as "scrap leather-to-riches." A little less than a year ago, Jim, 25, and Sandra, 24, were at rock bottom. His bachelor of education degree and her master's in psychology hadn't helped them find steady jobs, and the bills were piling up. Friends suggested they go on welfare. Today, the

U.S. retailing giant Sears has shown an interest in the (now-patented) baby-toter. For the LeMaisters, the SuperKodler may be only the beginning. While Sandra keeps track of accounts, Jim works on additions to the company's line in a carpeted "research and development" room. The carpet's not there as a token of success: It's so Anna Maria can play on the floor in comfort, and continue to inspire her enterprising daddy.

For Charles Edwards, 71, the Popular Theatre movie house in Grand Falls, Nfld., is more than a business. It's his life. He's been showing films in the central Newfoundland town since 1924, when his father first taught him how to run a hand-cranked projector at the old People's Theatre. In those days, movies were silent and every showing was an artistic production. Edwards ran the projector, and his cousin Leo created the sound from the orchestra pit — hollow reeds for wind noise, coconut shells for the clatter of horses' hoofs. In the Thirties, Edwards, a bachelor, worked as an electrician at the local paper mill during the day and at the movie house at night. After four years in a prisoner-of-war camp in Singapore during the Forties and a brief stint as the Grand Falls town electrician in the Fifties, Edwards decided to go into the motion picture business full-time. In 1955, he built the Popular Theatre, installing the lighting, projector and all of the equipment himself. He later devoted 20 years of his life to municipal politics, first as deputy-mayor and then mayor, but motion pictures have always been his first love. Today, you can still find him, morning, noon and night, in his movie house, checking equipment and training staff. "This is my home," he says. "I'll be here until the end of my time."



MIKE SAUNDERS

Mac King and the Meduxnekeag Giant Water Bug. Would you believe five feet long?

The latest addition to the list of endangered species is a little-known insect inhabitant of New Brunswick waterways: The Meduxnekeag Giant Water Bug, which measures some five feet across. And if you believe that one, you're just the sort of person **Mac King** of the Greater Metropolitan Woodstock Downtown Liars' Club would love to meet over coffee at McNic's Restaurant in Woodstock, N.B. The Liars' Club started nearly three years ago as a mid-morning coffee klatch where a half-dozen Woodstock businessmen swapped tall tales between the business gossip. Soon the whoppers were attracting a regular crowd of 20 to 25 "Liars" to McNic's. Last summer, they elected King as president, and adopted the

LeMaisters are proprietors of their own manufacturing company with sales in five countries and three continents. They employ seven other people full-time and five more part-time in a new, 2,000-square-foot factory. The LeMaisters' fortunes began to look up one evening last February, when Jim went out to his workshop to fashion a safe and comfortable carrier for their young daughter, Anna Maria, out of five pieces of scrap leather. There was enough leather left over to make two more carriers, which the couple sold at a flea market that weekend. With the proceeds, Jim recalls, "we had to decide whether to buy more groceries or more leather." They bought leather, and sold four carriers the next weekend, then 20 more the next. Today, the carriers, dubbed "SuperKodlers," are being sold by the hundreds in major Canadian department stores and specialty children's stores, and have appeared on shelves in England, France, Australia and Peru. And the

To a passerby, Nonia in downtown St. John's, Nfld., looks like any other handcrafts store — a homey atmosphere, knit sweaters, scarves and mittens in the window, hooked mats and handwoven coats on the walls. But the store, which carries the latest in fine woollen fashions from British patterns, is a big, thriving cottage industry. It has annual sales of close to \$330,000 and provides work for 360 Newfoundland knitters and weavers. **Karen Hickman**, a 40-year-old mother of three who's president of Nonia, a non-profit organization, says it's not uncommon to hear members say they "knitted a fridge or stove this year" — meaning that they bought an appliance with income from handcrafts. Hickman, who conducts her own Christmas decoration business out of her home, doesn't knit for Nonia, although she's been involved with handcrafts for years. Her work is mainly promotional — finding members and new sales ideas. She says the organization provides training programs to ensure that its high standards are maintained. And this year, it established a scholarship fund for students wanting to

take about three hours," she says. For about two weeks this fall, though, she wasn't allowed to attend Grade 11 classes at Bluefield High: The principal didn't approve of her hair, makeup and clothing — a black skirt and boots, a T-shirt and a man's suit jacket. Birt stayed home, refusing to change her style of dress, and the principal finally gave in. "Who's to say what's right in dressing?" asks Birt, who's a great admirer of the British punk-rock group, the Sex Pistols. "People here are too narrow minded. A school is supposed to be a place where young people can explore and look at new ideas." Birt says her way of dressing is partly a form of protest against such evils as pollution and war. Her makeup is partly a satire on women who don't know how to apply cosmetics properly. She's hoping to help change that some day: When she graduates, she wants to become an esthetician so that she can advise women about cosmetics and skin care.

Hickman: Promoting good craftsmanship

attend the Arts and Culture Centre Craft School at Memorial University. "We boast good craftsmanship," Hickman says, "so why not promote it?"

She wears dead-white makeup, with heavy eyeliner and blusher and wine, black, green or blue lipstick. Her T-shirts carry messages such as I Am an Enemy of the State. Her hair is spiky and reddish-brown, but she's worn it dyed white-blonde, orange, red and black — and sometimes she uses acrylic paints to color it blue, green, pink or purple. It's no wonder that **Traci Birt**, 18, of Wheatley River, P.E.I., has to get up at 6 a.m. every day just to get to school on time. "When I do a really good makeup job, I

Stuart MacKinnon doesn't sing on the job. But when he's not working as secretary of the Canadian Intergovernmental Conference Secretariat in Ottawa, he conducts what amounts to a parallel career as a musician. MacKinnon, 48, who was born in Halifax and graduated from Dalhousie Law School, performed this year in two operas at Ottawa's National Arts Centre; he was Captain Corcoran in an Ottawa production of *HMS Pinafore*; and he sings in Ottawa churches and as a guest artist with groups such as the National Arts Centre Orchestra Association. All of this requires a certain amount of stamina. "I played the captain in *HMS Pinafore* until two days before the start of the first ministers' conference on aboriginal rights [in March]," he says. "After the performances, I used to go home at night to draft Trudeau's telexes to the first ministers." In his day job, he works for the feds and the 10 provinces, arranging all the details that go into setting up intergovernmental conferences. "I have the best of both worlds," he says. "I have an interesting, stimulating job and all the musical outlet I can handle."

Like most kids, **Darren MacDougall**, 7, and his brother, **Darcy**, 5, of O'Leary, P.E.I., get a kick out of their

motorized bikes, three-wheelers called "all-terrain vehicles." Unlike most kids, they rely on walkie-talkies to help them get wherever they're going. The MacDougall boys, who've been blind from birth, get driving instructions from their father, Norman, through walkie-talkies attached to their helmets. Learning to ride the bikes (not above 10 m.p.h.) teaches the boys responsibility, their father says. "They're just like other kids; they like the idea of racing. And it takes away some of the stereotyped ideas about



Darren (L) and Darcy MacDougall: Not overprotected

blind kids." The MacDougalls have been trailblazers in education, as well. Instead of sending Darren to a special school to learn braille, they fought to keep him at home; he became the first blind child in the Maritimes to learn in braille in his home elementary school. He's doing well in Grade 2, with help from a teacher's aide, and Darcy will start school next year. Friends, relatives, the school and service clubs all have helped in arranging for the boys to be educated in O'Leary. "I think everyone has a special place in their hearts for them," Joyce MacDougall says. "But they don't over-protect." ☒

Traci Birt in toned-down mood

Mix and match a *mezze*

By Pat Lotz

The *mezze* is a feature of many Lebanese Canadians' New Year's celebrations. It's a dramatic visual feast of many dishes laid out, buffet style. Some hosts put out as many as 50 dishes on the serving table, but we're settling for just five, prepared for us by Maroun Abduala of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Abduala came to Canada eight years ago from Beirut, Lebanon, where he worked as a hotel chef. Three years ago, he and his brother-in-law Millad Yamine opened Cedars' Eatery on University Avenue in Charlottetown. "It seemed to me when I came here," says Abduala, "that people ate meat and potatoes, always meat and potatoes. We decided to offer people something different."

The *mezze*, he points out, derives from the custom in Middle Eastern countries of having several plates of hors d'oeuvres served with drinks. "Back home, you just order your liquor, and the dishes come with the drink."

Some of the ingredients in the following recipes may be unfamiliar. *Burghul*, also called bulgur, is cracked wheat and you can find it in any health food store. You can buy grape leaves in jars in most delicatessens and at gourmet sections in supermarkets, where you can also buy *tahina*, a paste made from sesame meal.

Wara Areesh

- 50 grape leaves
- 1 1/2 cups chopped parsley
- 3/4 cup rice
- 3 red tomatoes, chopped
- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper

In a bowl, combine parsley, rice, tomatoes, 1/4 cup olive oil, salt and spices. Place a tsp. of mixture on each grape leaf, fold in bottom and edges to form a roll. Place each roll after the other in a deep pot. When all the leaves are done, pour the water and the remaining olive oil over the rolls, cover and bring to a boil over high heat. Reduce heat and simmer for about 45 to 50 minutes over low heat. Serve warm with yogurt on the side.

Baked Kibbee

Filling

- 1/2 lb. ground lamb or extra lean beef
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/4 cup pine seeds
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. allspice
- pinch black pepper
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Melt butter in a skillet, cook pine

seeds until golden brown, then add meat and chopped onions. Cook for 10 minutes. When cooked, add spices and set aside.

- 1 cup burghul
- 1 lb. ground lamb or extra-lean beef
- 1 large onion
- 1 tsp. marjoram
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- 1 tsp. salt

Rinse and drain the burghul. Add meat and spices. Grind onion and add to mixture. Blend well and then put mixture through the grinder once. Divide mixture in half. Grease a baking dish, spread one half in bottom of dish. Top with the prepared filling then spread the other half of mixture on top, pressing down with your hands. Cut into diamond-shaped pieces. Bake in a 350°F. oven for 30 to 45 minutes. Serve with yogurt or salad.

Taboulee

- 1/2 cup burghul
- 3 red tomatoes, finely chopped
- 3 cups finely chopped parsley
- 1/2 cup chopped green onions
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 2 tbsp. lemon juice

In a large bowl, soak burghul for 30 minutes. Drain well, squeezing out excess water. Stir in tomato, parsley and green onions. Add olive oil and lemon juice. Season with salt and black pepper, according to taste.

Hummus

- 1 large can chick peas
- 1 cup tahina
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 2 cloves garlic

Put chick peas, salt and garlic into food processor and process for 2 minutes. Then, with mixer still going, add lemon juice and tahina alternately until mixture is well blended. Serve on a shallow platter and garnish with radish and lemon wedges.

Nammoura Syrup

- 1 cup water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tbsp. flower water
- 1 tsp. lemon juice

Put sugar and water into a deep pot and bring to a boil over high heat. Add lemon juice and simmer for 20 minutes. Take off fire and add flower water. Set aside.

- 4 cups cream of wheat
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup sweet butter, softened
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 cups warm milk
- 8 oz. almonds

Grease a baking dish and set aside.

In a large bowl, combine all ingredients except almonds and milk. Use milk to soften mixture until it is like yogurt. Pour into baking dish. Bake in a 350°F. oven for 10 minutes. Remove from oven and cut into rectangular pieces. Place an almond on each piece and return to the oven. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes until golden brown. Serve cold with syrup.



Maroun Abduala: Offering Charlottetown diners something different

PHOTOS BY CAMERA ARTI



At home with Bung Hole Tickle's smart set

Quel divertissement for the jaded readers of all those snob magazines

Given the times, it's curious that magazines for the filthy rich seem to be on the increase. Some of the old ones continue to prosper, of course. I dare say *The New Yorker* carries ads yet for shoes at "690.00 the pair"... with nothing so common as a dollar sign attached.

Architectural Digest continues to tell us how we, too, can approach the good taste of the Aga Khan who has lately redecorated his bedroom, a cosy nook roughly the size of St. Peter's Basilica.

In the U.K., *Country Life*, founded shortly after the death of King Canute and still sounding like it, continues to prosper:

"Correspondence. The Lord Campdown writes. 'Sir, I wonder if any of your readers have had the experience of being struck in the left eye by a greater blue tit. I was about to chastise my elderly Labrador bitch, which had defecated into my trouser turnups, when the tit flew out of a copse and struck me full in the face. It suffered no apparent harm. This curious incident so astonished me that I immediately sent for an undergardener and beat him to within an inch of his life.'"

And *Country Life* real estate ads have kept up standards, too: "An important manor house of elegance and charm with six main reception rooms, 15 principal bedrooms, 25 secondary bedrooms, one bathroom, usual offices, outbuildings, cottages, paddocks, pheasants, peasants, with about three-quarters of the Home Counties in all for sale freehold."

The style of the newer posh mags is not so much different. Either *Vanity Fair* or *Vogue* is having a revival, I believe, and the November issue of the U.S. *Town and Country* was given over entirely to "The Canadians." Which Canadians are THE Canadians? Only those who buy shoes at 690.00 the pair, so you're not in there and neither is your Auntie Gertrude.

Sherry Eaton is there, all slung about with rocks the size of pullet's eggs; Conrad Black is there surveying his half of Ontario; Mr. and Mrs. Schenley Schweppes are there in their lovely house designed by Arthur Erickson with their two lovely children, also designed by Arthur Erickson.

A hefty section of "The Canadians" issue is devoted to snaps, by Karsh, of the True North's foremost, that is to say,

richest, broads. A thumbnail sketch of their busy lives and penetrating philosophies is appended and full credit given to those who bejewelled, beclothed, be-painted and even beseated them, e.g., "Gown, Holt Renfrew; Jewelry, Bulgari; Makeup, Diane von Furstenberg, styled by Anita Varone of La Coupe; Fur, Grosvenor Fur from Fur Galleria; Chair, Florian Papp."

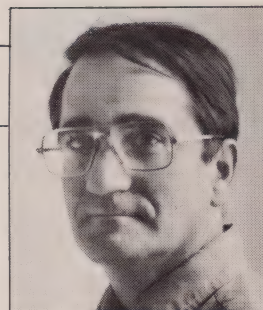
Peter Newman (*quelle surprise!*) leads off the issue with a wallowing dotage on the high and the mighty, and Kildare Dobbs contributes bits on just about every subject except the state of Canadian proctology. Vancouver, Calgary, Toronto and Montreal take most of the editorial space, and the Maritimes get dick-all in a brown paper bag and Newfoundland even less.

What does the Happy Province rate out of the magazine's 360 pages? Cod tongues are transferred to New Brunswick — and it can bloody well have them, far as I'm concerned. There's a brief mention of Christopher Pratt and, strangely, a large snap of Joey Smallwood. "Joseph R. Smallwood: Clothes, Garments Without Seam Inc.; Jewelry, Knuckle Dusters Boutique; Makeup, Maurice of Brass Monkey; Hair, Chez Gaule; Accessories, Doyle of Panama and Liechtenstein."

But that's about it. We just don't have enough filthy rich here to cut ice with the nob mags. We do have an abundance of stinking poor, and maybe they can be persuaded to titillate their jaded readers with the occasional slum-crawl. This is already done in some of the ads. Here's a skeletal young thing in \$90,000 of Russian sables, daring a bunch of beer-belly boys leaning on their jackhammers to pelt her. Or another sour-looking anorexic swinging fathoms of black pearls under the nose of a tattered connoisseur of domestic sherry.

What they do in the ads they could also do in the articles. For instance, as a piquant *divertissement* (nob mags lapse into Frogese at the drop of a *chapeau*) to all those Eatons, Blacks, Bassetts and Southams, they might give us Gertie Twigmire.

"A striking beauty and active member of the colorful Twigmire bootlegging and sporting family, Gertie lives in Bung Hole Tickle where husband Phonse Twigmire is president and chief executive of Twigmire's Amusement



Parlor. From one of Bung Hole Tickle's original aristocratic families (an entire wing at H.M. Goal is named after them), Gertie splits her time between the Legion beverage room, the District Home for Wayward Girls and the maternity wards, as a participating rather than a contributing benefactress.

"Jewelry, Chique Plastique; Dress, Ee-Zee-Off Creations; Fur, Miss Meow; Makeup, Benjamin Moore; Chair, the kitchen."

Another aspect of this is that the deluxe magazines might do well to get a foot in on the bottom floor with such as *La Twigmire*. For the day will surely come, as young Alfie Peckford never tires of telling us, when St. John's will import its domestic help from Dallas, and Peter Newman will torch an orphanage to get to one of Gertie and Phonse's bunfights.

After all, what was Calgary until not so long ago? A fragrant little cow town where the men were men and the cows were running scared. You couldn't get a decent pig's knuck quiche in the whole of Montreal until that little town was lifted high on beaver pelts and Schenley's home-brewed holy water.

Vancouver did not become the great *orifice de débouchement* it is today until a railway broke the natural constipation of the Prairies; nobody in his right mind, except Jamaicans, Newfoundlanders and southern Italians, would move to Toronto until Jamaicans, Newfoundlanders and southern Italians did.

So our turn will come sooner or later, although at this rate of progress, by the time it does, Gertie Twigmire will be the grand old bag of the filthy rich Twigmire clan, which will have recently purchased both *Town and Country* and Peter Newman.

A captain of commerce like Phonse Twigmire III is not going to take kindly to a continent, let alone a posh magazine, that cut his dear old granny away back in 1983.

"Be nice to people on your way up," goes the old saying, "because you'll need friends on the way down."

That may be so, but what Joey Smallwood ever did for the Hearst Corp., publishers of *Town and Country*, is beyond me. Perhaps some of our readers can advise. I must end our correspondence now, as it smells as though my elderly Labrador bitch has been up to her old tricks again.

Cheers. Guy, Compte de Come By Chance.

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